



motion

MAY 20 1944

The Days of Destiny

DURING the days when winter has been wearing out, and the renaissance of life in spring has seemed more travesty than reality, we have been walking up and down the campus paths. We have been watching and listening, and this is what we've heard.

We live in the day of awful doom, both for men and women, and we grow desperate in the facing of this hour. We turn, quite naturally, to escapes and rationalization, waiting our time until the fateful hour.

To this we must reply. How true it is that this day is the day of impending doom! Yet because of this every living moment becomes a moment in an appointment with destiny, and every day a day of judgment. In the time of our life, however short and however confounding, we must live to the best of our ability. Length of time guarantees no quality of living.

We live in a time of numbers—the great, overwhelming numbers. Men and machines, money and power. Bigness parades its frustrating effects upon the little "me." And the question comes: What can I do against a "sea of trouble"? What can the one, the solitary, individual do?

From the beginning of the world, all life has been counted in terms of persons. Now as always, the individual must realize his power when he works not as a solitary person but as the great creative force let loose in the world, as the receiving instrument of power that becomes not the solitary voice, but the voice of all creative living. One rotten apple can spoil a bushel, one evil man is a great destructive force. In the same way, one fine, effective person on a campus or any place in life, for that matter, can be the leaven in the lump. Jesus in the structure of a pagan world; Paul against the powers and principalities of darkness; St. Francis against the decaying corruption of the church; Kagawa against the mighty forces of destruction; you in the diseased segments of your city; you in the blatant escapist environment of the campus or the camp.

You will be as powerful and effective as you let yourself be, depending on how much you open yourself to the complete life of being worked through by the constructive forces of the universe. Like forces gather like forces to themselves, and the little you becomes big both in your inward strength and in the community of like-minded comrades.

But I live in a world where I can't see any reason for religion. Yet I face death or the frustration of all my normal instincts, or the inevitable collapse of ill-founded capitalistic society. I need courage and security. This I don't have. Can religion give me this?

Religion does not give any outward guarantee of security, nor in its virile form any promise of a pleasant, easy life. Yet it can give the inward spirit power, causing, in turn, a kind of security that is fundamental to real living. It can give incentive to life. This and every year is the acceptable year of the Lord. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Only the dedicated, completely surrendered person can know this, even in the midst of chaos. Let's not fool ourselves, we shall give ourselves to something. Will it be the state, where for its sake we surrender all our freedom, and, if need be, our lives? Will it be the leader who barks the promise of a slick and easy life? Will it be the smug living of the travesty of democracy?

Or will it be for some finely constructed living that stems from the belief that the universe is the creation of a mind that works through the orderly processes of nature, and that finds its best expression in this world in the spirit of man who is able to rise above his animal nature to become the dedicated power that gives him claim to call himself the son of God and the person capable of relationship to men that knows itself through a society of brothers?

On these spring days, these are the questions you have been asking. You must find the answer, and you alone. But in the search, motive hopes to go along to bring the best that man has thought and thinks now whether this man be the one whose name is known on every tongue or the student in the services, CPS, or the campus—who is finding himself and his reason for living in the tragedy of this hour.

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Man Must Belong

Herbert Agar

IN the summer of 1940, when England was alone and seemingly helpless, Mr. Churchill replied to those who asked for his war aims: "If we stopped fighting you would learn what we are fighting for." The answer is not complete; but it is of primary importance. Above all else we are fighting for survival. We are fighting to make sure that we shall neither be enslaved nor murdered.

During the year when only the British Empire stood between the world and ruin, that was the most important meaning of the war. But now the allies expect victory. Now the danger of death is receding. So we want a more positive set of war aims. We remember that we are fighting not only to avoid ruin but to earn the chance to build a future.

Among all the slogans used by isolationists and appeasers, the silliest is "War settles nothing." War settles exactly what it is intended to settle: Who has the power? Who sits at the head of the peace-table? Who builds the institutions of tomorrow?

Victory will give us power. It will not give us wisdom or goodness. We must earn those qualities elsewhere than on the field of battle. Nevertheless, when victory comes, let us not underestimate what war will have done for us. War will have won us a chance—a second chance within a generation—to exercise power in our world. What shall we do with that chance?

THERE are many partial statements of our war aims: the Four Freedoms, the Atlantic Charter, the treaties and agreements made between various of the allies. These are helpful but unsatisfying. They are expressions of good intention; but what we really want is the assurance that when the war is ended our intentions will remain good.

If we were polled, citizen by citizen, across all the United Nations, the overwhelming majority would want a more just world. How can that want be expressed effectively?

We need a simple concept—too clear to be misunderstood, too lucid to mean one thing today and another tomorrow. We have that concept in the idea of brotherhood, of membership in the community. Everybody wants to "belong," to be part of a society. Half the bitterness of modern life stems from the fact that many of our fellow-citizens—no matter what nation they inhabit—belong nowhere. Many of our fellow-citizens have never felt that they were wanted, that it made any difference to society whether they were alive or dead, employed or unemployed,

fed or hungry. That was true, at any rate, during the last depressing years of peace.

When war came everybody was wanted. There were no second class citizens who were expected to stand on the side-lines, lending a hand from time to time and for the rest making no trouble.

There are no slack seasons in war. There are no "depressions" in war. The inhuman writ of "economic law" does not run in war. The community stands together; every man and woman is wanted. Everyone has his place and feels needed. How can we expect to abolish war, which, with all its horrors, brings a sense of community and brotherhood, until we learn to abolish the loneliness and disunity of peace?

In peacetime, for example, a man may work in a rubber factory for five months of the year. Then he is "laid off." A seasonal slump in production. Where does he go when he is "laid off"? Nobody asks. How does he eat when he is "laid off"? Nobody wonders. So far as his fellow citizens are concerned, he is an anonymous digit in the sum of "technological unemployment."

Economists may explain why his woes are nobody's fault. Politicians may befriend him with crocodile affection. Philanthropists may give him a charity cold as moonlight. But only war will make him feel wanted twelve months in the year. So long as that is true, how can we use the full will of the community to outlaw war?

When a soldier is hurt in action he is treated like a comrade. He is not humiliated as a peacetime economic casualty is humiliated. He isn't asked to prove that his wound hurts. He isn't investigated to make sure that he couldn't live with even less blood. He is given everything that science and the community can provide. He is honored and therefore he can bear his troubles. That is wartime unity, for which we must find a substitute in peace.

IN wartime Britain, a somewhat sparse diet has been divided fairly throughout the nation. The Forces, the workers in heavy industries, nursing mothers, and all whose need is special, get preferred treatment. Everyone else gets his fair share. One result has been an improvement in the national health. Another result has been a sense of unity, a sense of cooperation in the use of the basic commodity of life. Is this to be abandoned when the war ends? Will the rulers of Britain dare say to their fellow citizens: "Sorry, but peace has broken out. You'll have to eat worse now, because there is more food."

Unless the sharing and the unity of wartime can be carried over into peace, there will be no effective human will to preserve peace. We shall be at the mercy of the next bandits who make use of the next wave of discouragement and cynicism.

The following sentence appeared in a discussion of Lend-Lease: "Victory and a secure peace are the only coin in which we can be repaid." There again is the wartime comradeship between peoples. Dare we allow it to degenerate into the old peacetime suspicions? Must we live again in a world of hucksters, where Russian blood and British daring and American machinery are all to be measured in dollars or in sterling? How many gallons of blood is a tank worth? And whose blood?

Must we relapse from this conception of a common task to which every nation contributes all it has? If so, we must take the road back toward exclusive selfishness, we must deny our desire to live in a world where everyone is needed.

"Some people," said Mr. Henry Wallace, "say 'America First.' Under that slogan we can have only war because under it envious hungry peoples, the have-not nations with per capita resources less than one-fifth our own, will inevitably rise up to tear us down. The battle-cry, 'America First,' means that sooner or later we shall find ourselves alone, encircled by and fighting against a hostile combination. But the slogan, Democracy First, intelligently followed up and vigorously applied, can lead to peace."

Democracy First, to Mr. Wallace, means a world in which the Lend-Lease idea of pooling resources for a common good is carried over into the days of peace. It would be a world in which the technological marvels which are now possible would be used to advance the cause of mankind as a whole, not to create a private park in which a few lucky people, or a few lucky nations, lead privileged lives until the time comes when the excluded millions are strong enough to drag them down.

Such a plan would not mean a diminished life for the favored nations. It would mean that those nations

used their abundance, not to secure a mortgage on the lives of their neighbors, but to promote a society in which all men could contribute to the world-wide task of raising the level of civilization. It might provide (and it is the only plan which could possibly provide) that "moral equivalent for war" which the philosophers have so long sought.

For many centuries the search has been vain because until today we did not have the tools to build a world in which all men might collaborate. Now we have invented the tools. We have made the world physically small and accessible. Do we have the moral will to use that advantage, or do we prefer to go on thinking about our neighbors as if they were months away from us instead of hours, as if they were enemies forced to scratch their share of an inadequate supply, instead of co-workers with whose help, if we could be loyal to one another, we might fulfil man's ancient dream of a society in which there is enough to go round, in which no one is driven to envious hatred of his neighbor, in which we are all allowed to respect each other and therefore to respect ourselves? The creation of such a world is a problem of will-power; it is no longer a physical problem.

WE are fighting for two things. We are fighting for survival, which means that the enemies of civilization will not be allowed to deprive us of our second chance to build creatively with the miraculous tools we now possess. And we are fighting to make use of that second chance, which we can never do unless we keep steadily before us the desire in all men's hearts to feel needed, wanted, depended upon. It happens in war, it can be made to happen in peace.

We shall be foolish if we think that such a change in human relations can be accomplished easily or all at once. We shall be despairing if we think it is impossible to move steadily in the desired direction. If we permit a world-despair to follow upon this war, we shall create a world cynicism, thus permitting the rise of a new Hitler.

Breath

William Stafford

Far up the canyon where the salmon leap
And splintered sunlight nails the forest floor
The people without houses put their feet.

And often here below we drag a breath
Of something from the wind we missed, and steeply
Think: The place we built to live is too near death.

Who Were You?

DAVID MILLER CRANDELL, ENSIGN, U.S.N.



Ensign David Miller Crandell

YOUR life and mine crossed paths for thirty seconds. It couldn't have been more than that before you took the swimmer down with you and out of sight beneath the surface of the clear blue sea. And you must not blame him for coming up alone, for to have stayed with you would have meant two deaths today. In coming back, he manned a gun that soon avenged the price you paid for freedom's sake.

You do not know what happened in those fleeting thirty seconds that I saw your face mirrored in the water, your limp unconscious body borne by him who flew with you and fired your guns until his gun was blown to bits before him and you streaked for "home."

Your rendezvous with death weighed in the balance of another's scales, as though it was not yet decided you must go and make the sacrifice supreme. Your wounded craft fell short—so near, so far—and quickly sank, as well you know. At least you did not make your crash in flames, as later others did that we sent to you, that you might know you did not die alone.

Your gunner lived. He's safe aboard our ship that swiftly steamed to rescue you when you came down. He is the unsung hero of the hour. 'Twas he who almost kept you in this life, by bearing up your body with his own above the surface of the sea. His yellow rubber life-preserver worthless (you had none); his had been punctured by the wreck you quickly left. He caught the lines we threw to you—the end of each a bobbing yellow float—and we thought all was well—were set to haul you in. His strength was gone, and though he held you up, your massive build, dead weight, kept you beneath the surface—mirrored, pale. Twice he'd gone down with you, come up, before we reached the spot. The third would be your last—unless help came. It did—but there again, so near, yet, so far.

With speed born only of emergency, our swimmer left his gun, stripped down, dived off our bow, and swam to where the

"Who Were You?" was written aboard the Destroyer Wilson on which Dave Crandell is serving as Ensign somewhere in the Pacific. Dave completed his midshipman's training at Northwestern last May and "took to sea" in July. Much that he has written back we should like to publish, but most of it must wait for war's end. Dave is well-known to *motive* readers. He was editor of the Radio and Television departments through the first two and one-half years of the magazine's existence. When he went into service he was doing radio work in California and was also on the staff of the Pasadena Playhouse as instructor in television. Before that he had assisted John van Druten who directed his own play, *The Damask Cbeek*, for the New York stage. Still further back, Dave was a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan and had completed his master's degree in drama at Northwestern. He is one of the men whom *motive* delights to honor and whom we will welcome back to the family when he is again free to work with us.

two of you were struggling for life. He heard the words, "I'm all right—don't get me—get HIM!" shouted with the precious air of buoyancy. He did get you, but missed the line—and in those terrifying passing seconds—went down with you—the third time down.

Never have I known a sense of greater emptiness—a feeling of a more complete void—than that which came with those two words: "HE'S GONE," when Mike returned alone.

Then, many more were overboard, swimming under water, clothes and all, hoping the words were wrong. You were so near, a dozen yards from safety—then not there. All was in vain. "He's gone" kept ringing in our ears, as, one by one, our men swam back—almost in tears, in anguish that we'd failed—the only flier we had ever lost. Our fastest speed was not enough—we came too late.

You'll never know what happened through that day and night, our foes came on—hot for revenge to even up the damage you had done at dawn, and others with you—safely back. It was for you we fought—repulsed—and killed. We filled the sky with shell and flame and none flew back to say "Avenged." But we could say it and we did.

I did not then, nor now, ask: "Why did you die?" I know that answer. We all know why you died, and for what cause. We know that human life is cheap in war. We all are marked for death—the question's WHEN?

My questions were of brotherhood. I wanted most to know who you had been, what things you'd seen, what Mother waited, what girl loved you most? That moment they lived on in hope. They had not heard the words, "He's gone."

How many days like this must pass before the day we celebrate is really Armistice?

The Country of Thin Mountains

William Stafford

I tell you, friends, the mountains here are thin—
no more than cardboard propped up there.
And, "What's the difference?" That's what people say.
"We see them; well, what if the far slopes are just painted on?"

And here they have some music made by dying birds.
The sounds are beautiful, I guess,
but back of sound the dying birds, you know. . . .

They like each other here on purpose—to sell things;
and they make love not for forever.

I asked them of their youth and of their homes,
the beautiful old times and places.
They laughed.

I asked about their friends. They said:
"We have no friends. Why should we?
We know our customers."

And that is how they are.
One thing—they have one mountain here that's real.
They do not know it.
They think it's cardboard.

Johnny Wisconsin

Richard T. Baker

[This story was written by Dick Baker while he was on his way to Chungking where he is teaching in the Graduate School of Journalism. His "Report from Chungking" in the March issue of motive gives his later impressions of China.]



JOHNNY swung up onto the catwalk and faced the wind. Like a flash it struck him. Wisconsin hit him full in the face. The line of his mouth whitened against the cold, and suddenly he was back swinging along his paper route through the snow in Platteville. It was a good feeling, warm even against this wind. He staggered up the catwalk to the bow and hopped down into the gun tub. Mozena was stamping his feet and peeping out from his wool helmet with bright slits of eyes. He unstrapped the telephone and handed it to his relief. Johnny took it mechanically and began hanging it around his neck. Mozena was saying something, but the wind and Wisconsin made the words unintelligible.

"Martin on Gun 1," Johnny said into the mouthpiece, as he tossed the cord forward and took his stance against the covered gun. Somebody aft greeted him raucously; the headphones rattled in his ear.

But Johnny was miles away. The sea rolling in front of him was winter in Wisconsin, the fields where the snow ran drifts and tossed up fine white spray. Johnny remembered that there were rabbits behind those drifts, down below the ledge where the wave curled over and broke up into powder. They crept in there to hide from the wind, and you could sometimes scrape along on your belly, reach over the drift and catch the white scared things in your hands.

Twice today Johnny had been lifted into Wisconsin by some unaccountable, magnetic force. Nothing was able to hold his feet on deck when these memories got him. They split him in two, made two persons out of him. He had put his head into fresh skivvies to throw them on before chow. His mother had washed them on his last leave, and they were whiter, cleaner than the ones he boiled out in the engine room. They had a smell, and it was home. It was his mother. It was Wisconsin. Nothing in his fo'c'sle could hold him. Not the chatter of his bud-

dies, not the pin-up girls on the bulkhead, not even a general alarm if it had sounded just then.

But Johnny thought it was a good idea to shake off Wisconsin in the Navy. He wished with part of his mind that it would go away. Even now, with the sea in front of him looking like a snowswept cornfield, he wished he was not so sentimental. He took a look around his quarter of the sea. He never really expected to see a periscope or a plane. But it was the routine, and sometimes you saw a whale spouting. He wished he knew why he kept slipping out of himself and ending up in Wisconsin.

He had never liked Wisconsin when he was there. He had hated the boredom of it. He had drunk himself blot-to every Saturday night to get out of it. And everyone knew he was a bum. He knew it. He had enlisted to get away from that bum who was slowly burning up his liver in Platteville. At least he would see the world.

Well, there was the world, and he was seeing it—360 degrees of it, stretching out endlessly as far as his eyes could see. And his skivvies were snug against his chest, and the wind in his face reminded him of the way it used to blow on his paper route back home.

"Nuts!" he said out loud and stuck his shoulder blades into the gun plate. He was doing too much thinking. If someone would only come by and talk. He would collar him, Johnny thought, and tell him about that girl in Australia. That was a good story.

"Did I ever tell you about that girl in Australia?" he asked the bridge lookout over the phones.

"Tell me? I was there," the phones replied.

Johnny didn't mind. He told the whole thing again, how she had tickled him and he had tried to run away across the park, and she was faster than he was, and she had caught him by the collar of his dress blues and his neckerchief had come undone. The bridge lookout put

in some added touches. Johnny thought the story was getting a little big. But it was still good.

"Who's shooting the breeze?" It was the officer's voice, and the phones went dead. Johnny went back to finding a periscope on the cornfield in front of him.

"Enemy waters, you know." Johnny wondered if the ensign would know a periscope if he saw one. That is, outside a book. There was the Navy, he thought, and then there was the book Navy. Johnny assured himself that he belonged to the Navy. Seaman First Class was good enough for him.

It was a crazy game, this Navy. Like a holiday, he thought. Like an everlasting dream. Nothing mattered. He earned some money in the Navy, but he couldn't remember ever seeing any. It was always all gone.

The Navy was altogether different from Wisconsin. Maybe that was why he liked it. In Platteville you tried to save your money. And everything mattered. That was the trouble: everything mattered. Everything added up into something else, and you got to worrying. In the Navy you could be a bum and no one cared. In Wisconsin it hurt your mother, and you worried that she was worried too. In the Navy you could be a bum and still be a star in the service flag hanging between the bank and the drugstore back home.

Johnny laughed a little as he saw the irony of it. They called him a bum in Platteville for doing all the same sort of things he did in the Navy, and now he was a service star. His mother was proud. He could tell by the way she walked beside him when they went to shop in Madison on his last leave. He shoved Platteville overboard in his mind.

MOZENA was coming along the catwalk with his coffee. The watch was half done now, and it was dark and cold. "Hi, Toots," he shouted, as he felt the sailor's feet hit the deck.

"Cripes!" Mozena was saying, "three ladies and two ducks—did I get the pot! It was a p-o-t!" Johnny listened to the story of the game in progress in the mess below as he gulped down coffee straight from the jug. He wanted eleven to come so he could get below and join the fun.

"Lift 'em up," he yelled. "Boy, are you hefty!"

"Out of my way, sailor," Mozena broke off and clambered back up the catwalk.

"Thanks, Gene, for the brew," Johnny shouted after him, and went on sloshing its heat around his insides. He was tying the telephone cord in knots, but he didn't mind, and it was Jones he was dancing with now. Jones, who was light on her feet and who had written him a hundred letters when he hit Panama. Jones, who was tops in his gallery. Jones . . . he took his stance again at the lookout.

Why had he ever left Wisconsin for a freezing wind and cold feet and the bow of this creaking old merchant ship? "The Armed Guard will see you through!" he mocked. "The Armed Guard, queen of the services!" Suddenly he stiffened.

"Gun 5," he barked into the mouthpiece. "Light off the starboard bow."

"You're seeing things, Johnny," a voice replied sweetly.

"You're not kidding," Johnny shot back. "Take a look and tell me what it is."

"I see stars," Gun 5 went on.

"Look low on the horizon about two points off the bow," Johnny directed. He heard the bridge lookout whistle between his teeth.

"Get the ensign on the phones," Johnny shouted.

"I'm on." He heard the ensign click in.

"Gun 1, Sir," Johnny was warm again and back in the Navy. "A light about two points off the starboard bow. Must be four or five miles off."

"Hold everything," the ensign said. Johnny could distinguish forms moving about on the bridge as he shot a glance back and then turned again to watch the horizon.

Suddenly the bell rang. It was shrill, and his body tensed. Surface vessel on the starboard side, it said. He felt the ship come to attention, noiselessly, without a light showing. Feet pounded up the ladders, down the catwalks, and he began to hear the gunners checking in at their posts. Gramps would have to man No. 6 without him, Johnny said to himself. The boys were swinging Gun 1 into place. The tarpaulin caught the back of his neck as they threw it off. The ensign was giving sharp, swift orders, and the gun crew was on its toes. Cold rods of steel rolled silently into focus from a dozen places aboard, all directed upon that spot of Johnny's light.

Johnny looked at the light again. "She's signalling, Sir," he announced over the phones.

"Thanks, Martin, we're getting it." The Navy Cross, Johnny exclaimed to himself. The ensign had called him by his right name! He was rather proud of his little light two points off the bow, and he hoped the signs it was making were peaceful.

THE light flashed on and off. "Steady on the guns," the officer clipped. Johnny tried to make out the message that was blinking through the night, but it was code and he was no signalman.

All at once, behind him, a rod of light pierced the darkness. We were talking now. Our dots and dashes were setting sparklers on the sea. That meant we were safe. Johnny groaned inwardly. "Never any fun!"

"One of our tin cans, men," the officer was saying. "Must have picked us up at sundown. Wants to say hello and shadow us a couple of days." The light was gone now on the starboard side.

"Secure all guns," he ordered.

Johnny heard an oath behind him. "Was my finger itching!" the gunner spluttered. The men trudged back.

Must be nearly eleven, Johnny thought to himself. And a poker game was on his mind. He hoped the boys would go back to playing. This was the Navy. Everything was in its stride. Nothing added up. It was exciting now and then, and Wisconsin was a long way off. Johnny wondered as he loosened the catch on his headgear, just why his mind acted the way it did. Flopping around. First on one side and then on the other. He guessed there were two Johnny Martins. One was in Wisconsin, trying to be a responsible citizen, worrying about keeping Johnny Martin on the beam, wanting the solid things that gave a bottom to his life, even though they were so darned solid they bored you stiff. Johnny guessed that

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ULTIMATUM

from Youth

YOUTH is no longer a silent partner! In fact, if not in principle, we are now being called and we are answering life's most mature responsibility—loyalty unto death. Called as we are to a task not wholly our own choosing, paying not alone in sympathetic tears but with life itself, we face the sober fact that the church is least effective at the point of our greatest need. With all its planning for the present and postwar world, does it not seem that the church has given too little attention to a *comprehensive* plan for youth? Growing numbers of us youth, some still free to make decisions, others with A.P.O. numbers or in camps or service in this country, are wondering if the church will meet the challenge of this need now!

The problems which have prompted this concern are obvious, problems more vivid and real to those of us experiencing them, perhaps, than to those who will formulate their solution. The transition from a life geared to total war to one of "normalcy" looms as a basic problem. How will the church figure in making this transition creative and not disastrous? Mounting delinquency indicates the lack of any adequate opportunity for constructive expression of latent ideals. How will the church mobilize and direct these energies? The problems of secular society, with its areas of stress in all walks of life, cry out to the church for a solution. *Will the church afford its youth a working approach to these tension areas?*

Youth is responsive and responsible, but limited, as the situation now stands. On one hand are the problems; on the other, the principles. The two must be brought together. They can be brought together as the church formulates a program in which we can translate these principles into our lives and action. This is not to say that the church has done nothing; or that significant experiments are not underway in this area. It is to remind us that it is *not* enough. The plan which is called for is not temporary expedient, but a permanent policy; no fragmentary ap-

proach to the problem, but a comprehensive and "unified" one. We face no local eruption, but a world Vesuvius!

We do not feel adequate to elaborate in detail a plan to meet this mounting problem of ours. Several experiments now in operation afford a few broad principles that might serve as starting points. If there is not to be found in the church spiritual insight and resources adequate to develop a program, then where can we look?

ANY plan must provide a meeting point for principle and practice. It must not be artificial or manufactured. There is creative and productive work to be done. Frontiers of tension areas are not geographic but functional. Racism, underprivileged communities, defense centers, and dearth of educational facilities are not localized or limited. More than that, no plan need suppose itself to be a cathartic for frustrated youth. Such would be a gross misrepresentation of the problem. Our idealism does not seek exploitation, but rather, channelization. We acknowledge that we are suggesting no new principles, but we realize that neither principles nor the "voice" of the church alone are enough. It is the transformation of ideal into life; "voices" into deeds, convictions into conduct, aspiration into character wrought out in the social process that concerns us.

A year's volunteer service on a subsistence basis is no new idea. The projects now in this field show evidence of carrying the seeds for an effective program. But they are limited, not alone by their infancy, but also by the disruption in the ranks of youth. Our concern is that we plan now not only for the handful able to respond at the present moment, but also for the thousands involved in the postwar world.

Any plan would involve the united action and concern of the church, laity as well as clergy. It would have a double foci: the growth of the young person himself and the service rendered in crucial areas. The first represents the educa-

tional purpose of the church, the second its mission outlook. A period of three months training should be provided in preparation for the service rendered. If it be objected that three months is too brief a time, it should be remembered what the armed service is able to do in thirty days. Such training would be a creative process and not a traffic in materials—a process not to end with the three month period but to continue throughout the period of service and beyond. It should follow general basic lines with the accent falling on an understanding and commitment to the way of life as revealed in Jesus with abilities developed in keeping with the varied types of work to be done, and of which the trainees would be capable.

THE motive behind the program would be "neighbors, not numbers." Operating on a subsistence basis reduces the financial problem to a minimum. Is there not leadership for such a program—leadership trained and ready to invest in such a venture? The project would be coordinated, a clearing house for need and solution, the point of synthesis between the world's problems and the church's answer. This would afford education for life, not career; for others, not self; for harmony, not chaos; for peace and not war. What such a movement in the life of organized religion and society would mean is difficult to estimate. *Such a movement, away from a professionalized ministry to a rediscovery of the Christian vocation of the ordinary man, has always marked the religious awakening of a people.* It is the dynamic of this proposal and would present the spearhead of hope in the days ahead.

Even now the church makes plans for tomorrow. Today's decisions fix tomorrow's destiny. Will the church make provision for this problem? Will it meet this challenge with a prophetic spirit and insight adequate to the hour? In its answer may lie the future of all our tomorrows.

This document comes from students at Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Illinois. It represents the combined thinking of a group headed by Glenn Olds and includes the following students: Charles Johnson, Mae Morris, Dean Hasken, Margaret Johannaber, Crystalle Huber, Lorene Schacht, Forest Strnad, Dale Dunlap, Violet Hardies, Dorothy Jean Furnish, William D. Rickard, Frances Whitehead, Margery Reinpel, Warren Nyberg.



Two of the many foreign students in the United States at the present time are Chandrulekha Pandit (left) and Nayantara Pandit, sisters from India who are attending Wellesley College.

Ambassadors to Your Campus

Mary McClelland Lago

source

It seems to me that the objectives of the interchange of students . . . are three-fold. In the first place, it is to do a piece of simple Christian work in this way. Here are these young people coming to us from all over the world. . . . Each one is a personality, whose personality we want, not only to respect, but, if possible, to add to. . . . We can be kindly. We can be courteous. . . . We can be considerate. . . .

The second thing is that we want to learn from these students. Here is a student who comes from China, or Argentina, or Czechoslovakia. We want to know what kind of an individual has resulted from this widely different geography and history. . . .

The third thing that we must have in view is our United States. I want these foreign students who come to the United States to go back not respecting us but admiring us and, if possible, loving us.
—Dr. Stephan Duggan, Director, Institute of International Education, New York City

It is difficult to get to know American people. It is very easy to be pleasant and have relationships, but they very often stay on the surface because this surface of America is so very rich. We find in the literature of many countries now, and also the political utterances of many countries stress, the fact that America is deeply divided. . . . You know on the surface we may offer a divided country and the moment you get below that there is a clear, strong unity, but it is not always easy to discover. Students who come here need help in the discovery of the American character and the underlying American being.

—Mrs. Eliot D. Pratt, Acting Genl. Secy., International Student Service, New York

IN February, 1943, some 600 students were arrested during lecture hours and transferred to the concentration camp at Vught. Practically all other students disappeared and the universities are empty . . . it is an open question whether any normal student life is still possible."

That is student life today in the Netherlands.

This is what we hear from China: "In one university we found the students having for each meal brown wheat 'mo-mo' (steamed bread), and one vegetable. Meat is seldom eaten. . . . Many are afraid of sickness because they know their resistance is low. . . . Students who contract T.B. are given up for lost, as there are no funds or facilities for the diet and rest necessary for recovery."

We in America look back upon the lovely leisurely hours, the long vacations, the proms and parties that went with college and sadly reflect that college isn't what it used to be. Our campuses are a-bristle with military uniforms, and the draft board keeps its eagle eye on the commencement lists.

Sometimes it all gets you down, doesn't it? And sometimes it gripes you—plenty.

But in these messages from colleges abroad, you can see without any stretch of imagination how fortunate you are to be a student in America and that in many other countries educational systems are slowly but surely strangling. What of the inquiring mind, the crusading energy of students everywhere, which should play so vital a part in postwar reconstruction? Somehow, these must be preserved.

IN the colleges of our country are some 8075 students from ninety-five other countries. Side by side with American students they are studying, working, pondering the problems of these years. They're the lucky ones, you say. No bombs smash their laboratories; no bonfires consume their books; no concentration camp threatens them.

But they are worried and homesick. They don't know what is happening to friends on the campuses of Chengtu and Athens. Many have no money and no prospect of any to come. They are handicapped by language difficulties. Perhaps their immigration status is unsure. The finest thing which you can offer to them and to future student generations is an example of that thing of which we are proud—the friendly, democratic spirit of the American campus. Some day—and we hope it will be soon—these students will be able to go home again. They will bear the prestige of an American education. They have been spared the wear and tear of war. They will be teachers, preachers, healers—the leaders.

Many wise men and women are giving much time and careful thought to

this matter of acquainting the foreign student with the best and most genuine aspects of American college life. They urge that on every campus where there are foreign students, some leader such as a Christian Association advisor, a dormitory dean, or the head of an International Relations study group be responsible for providing them with counsel, language help, social contacts, and a sympathetic ear. Professors who have studied abroad are invaluable as foreign student counselors. On campuses where a large number of foreign students is centered, there is often a full-time director of foreign student affairs. But the important thing is that there be *someone* on whom foreign students know they can depend for help and advice.

But adult advisors, no matter how experienced, cannot do this job alone. It is with the young people that foreign students must live and study and play. They may not know the meaning of the word "clique," but they do know the desperate feeling of hurt and "not belonging," at seeing their dormitory neighbors go off arm-in-arm to the hockey field or campus soda hang-out, while they are left behind. The American student is not a snob. But that is the impression foreign students may carry with them for a lifetime, simply because they cannot distinguish between snobbishness and thoughtlessness. Ask them to share your midnight snacks, to walk to class with you. Find out how much fun they are! And how much they can teach you about this world in which you live.

ORGANIZED activities for foreign students are important, too. These can dramatize the contributions which other cultures have for American life, and they can demonstrate by panel discussions, study groups, and co-operative activities that the peoples of the world may meet upon the firm footing of fair exchange and mutual understanding.

The large city college or university may draw upon the resources of an International House, social agencies, and the churches found in metropolitan areas in arranging such activities. The Committee on Friendly Relations with Foreign Students, which promotes foreign student programs in colleges throughout the country, urges especially that programs be arranged in co-operation with church groups. In this way, foreign students become acquainted with persons who will invite them to their homes, where they can be a part, in some small way, of the best sort of American family life—that with a Christian background.

The Riverside Church, in New York City, stresses this aspect of its foreign student program. It has a Foreign Student Committee, on which are represented various adult and young people's groups within the church. The registrars and language directors of the city's educational institutions help it to establish contacts with foreign students in the area, and each year a series of social functions is held for them at the church: a reception by the minister and his wife at the opening of the fall term; a very informal monthly coffee hour; and two more elaborate functions—a Christmas party, and a

source

I have used . . . the word "foreign" to indicate the students from other countries. I wish that somehow we could discover a satisfactory alternative word to take the place of this word "foreign" with its connotation. Not so long ago I attended a very interesting conference at Immaculata College in Pennsylvania. A young Chinese student of that college gave about the finest talk that I have heard on the problems of the foreign student and of his adjustment. There were some priceless gems, it seemed to me, which this young Chinese woman expressed. One of them was this, "You should all bear in mind that if anyone is foreign to you, you are likewise foreign to him." This is a simple but very significant statement.

—Dr. Edgar J. Fisher, Asst. Dir., Institute of International Education, New York City

. . . I am strongly convinced that the most vitiating and enervating influence in our foreign student program in this country is our failure to face honestly and forthrightly the question of race prejudice. There is nothing that prejudices the minds of the foreign student so much as the evidence of our race prejudice, which is only casually questioned even by those of us in the work.

—Allen C. Blaisdell, Director, International House, University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

The student perhaps is the most dependable agent of international understanding. He has a prolonged stay in a foreign land. . . . He establishes personal relations which are more intimate and more profound than those made by other types of visitors. . . . He enters into co-operative relations with the students and

Outstanding in friendly foreign student relations is the Student Christian Association at Bucknell University. This picture shows one of their foreign student conferences.



source

the professors of the country in which he is studying. . . . As compared with interchange, cooperation goes deeper and signifies more than merely the interchange of cultural values across frontiers.

—Charles A. Thomson, Chief, Division of Cultural Relations, Department of State, Washington, D. C.

. . . I think on the whole our Chinese students upon returning to China have felt that their whole experience in this country while students has been quite satisfactory. They may not have made very many friends, but . . . some of the friendships formed by Chinese students during their period of stay in this country have become lifelong lasting friendships. They don't make friends very easily because in many cases perhaps they have a different understanding of friendship from what the American college student usually has. . . . I think if the American students were to take the initiative in breaking the ice, in most cases they will find a ready response on the part of the Chinese students.

—Mr. Bangnee Liu, Research Assoc., China Institute in America, New York City

You know, I believe you have something after all. My contacts in recent months with all sorts of people, particularly in government circles, have convinced me that, more than any economic development, what China needs is character—simple honesty and moral and ethical standards. I don't see it being developed anywhere the way it is in your Christian universities. Yes, I believe you have something there.

—An American government official in China

SOURCES FOR INFORMATION about Foreign Student Conferences and Foreign Student Counseling:

The Committee on Friendly Relations among Foreign Students

Mr. Samuel J. Mills, Director
347 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Institute of International Education
Dr. Edgar J. Fisher, Asst. Director
2 West 45th Street
New York, New York

Bucknell University Christian Association
Mr. Forrest D. Brown, Secretary
East Wing, Bucknell University
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

Student Division, National YMCA
347 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Fiesta for the Latin American students in April. Their success has been outstanding, and other churches in New York and other cities are starting such programs.

All this means much to foreign students who are trying to make the change in pace of living, the many small adjustments which life in an American city demands. Without such activities, they huddle in small social groups, the Chinese students together, the Latin American students together, the Indian students together. Each speaks its own language; none learns to know the other; and, so much the worse for us, Americans learn to know none of them.

In the college situated in a small town, the foreign student finds none of the impersonal, hustling atmosphere of the great city. The students who sit next to one another in class are likely to be neighbors a few hours later in the dining hall, at the local movie, or at the next rehearsal of the Drama Club. The small town college is a community unto itself, but this does not mean that foreign students automatically become a part of it. The loneliness of the city is no worse than the loneliness of being "left out" in a small town. Someone must take the trouble to point out that foreign students are "regular folks."

THE Christian Association of Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, has tried several ways of doing this. In the fall of 1941, it invited fifty foreign students from its own and other campuses in the state to join with an equal number of American students in a week-end retreat for study, recreation, and discussion of "Youth's Share in the New World Order." This group went to the Christian Association's farmhouse conference center a few miles out in the country. They played baseball, shared worship services, and held frank and thoughtful discussions. They had able adult leadership, but the young people talked, too. Many things were considered which would have drawn hot arguments in other circles. Students from China, from the West African colonies, from France, from Germany, expressed their feelings toward the rule of the dictators and about the kind of future they desired for their homelands.

In 1942 Bucknell had another type of foreign student conference, this one for Latin American students. It was on a larger scale than the previous year's retreat and was held on the University campus. It combined formal addresses by representatives of the U.S. Office of Education, the Office of the Coordinator, and the U.S. Department of State, with small study groups, panel discussions and evening bull sessions in the dormitories with visiting Latin American students. This conference reached many persons outside the campus circles, and many a citizen of the community went home thinking new thoughts about America's world responsibilities and the clear thinking of some members of the present college generation!

This year, not in spite of wartime, but because of wartime, Bucknell is holding still another conference. Its delegates will be students of the United Nations. They will discuss the obligations toward one another of nations in a world made one by speed of travel and communication, and they will consider the attitude which they, as young citizens of the world, should take toward the errors of the aggressor nations.

Many colleges are holding conferences like these in spite of the strain and hurry of college life today. Their influence spreads as foreign students write home, telling how American young people want a postwar world with new high standards, that they are anxious to play fair, that they are willing to talk things over. As American students who attended those conferences go far and wide across the world in the armed services, they become "foreigners" themselves. And they are finding that a new bond of friendship has been forged between them and the countrymen of those students whose fellowship they shared in colleges at home.

Are there foreign students on your campus? Look them up. See what you can do for them. It will be one of the best investments you can make for your future.

This is giving democracy a chance! This is learning to live in peace!

Village Song

Dorothy Schlick

In this poem Dorothy Schlick tells graphically of her experiences in Mexico last summer. About her work she writes, "I had lived the sheltered life of a college community all my life until I hit Mexico—and it hit me! I, who hardly knew the names of the social diseases, gave hypos of serum as treatment for syphilis, took blood for Wassermann tests, came face to face with life in its most naked realities."

A senior at Simpson College (in Iowa) and editor of the college paper—among other activities—she considers of first importance "the titleless jobs of service and help that need to be done."

THEY came and Dr. Sanchez from the D.S.P., the *Departamento de Salubridad Publico*, came, too, and showed them the house, the house on the corner where the *clinica* had been once.

Dr. Sanchez showed them the house, unlocked the front door with the big brass key as long as a man's huarache, and took them inside and said, Will this do? Can you fix it up and screen it and use it?

And the gringos looked around and said, yes, the house is fine, yes, we can live in it very comfortably.

They all agreed and shook hands and Dr. Sanchez got in his car and the gringos got in their truck and they all went away on the highway in the direction of Cuernavaca and Mexico City.

In some time, the same day, the gringos came back and unloaded many things from their truck.

They unloaded copper screen and boards and bags of *cal* and groceries and pans and suitcases and many things.

For many days there was much noise and much hammering, and shouting now and then; there was whistling and singing and at night there was guitar playing.

The neighbors peered through the once-gateway in the wall and watched.

The barber's wife, the next door neighbor, watched and told what she saw. The gringos made a skeleton like a table out of boards but instead of boards for a top they put cement, just sand and water and *cal*.

They left holes in the cement and when the cement was hard they put their charcoal burners in the holes and thus did their cooking so high from the floor.

Then some other gringos came and some gringas, too.

The number of people went up and down, now eight, now fifteen, now ten, They all ate and slept in the same house but none of them looked alike although they acted like a family.

Gradually the same people stayed at the house on the corner all the time.

And then something happened.

The song was begun, and sang itself, in daily life like scrubbing the pans.

The gringos and their Mexican friends worked hard building *excusados* on this project of the American Friends Service Committee.

Just adobe bricks, tiles and a little wood—with this the gringos built a model house.
—Photos by Forrest Comfort



The hopeless began to sing in this land without hope. The song didn't presume to call itself an oratorio or a battle hymn or even a lovesong, it was just a little nameless tune.

It had the tempo of the *ejiditario* going to his piece of land as dawn is breaking. It had the rhythm of women's hands "*echar*"ing tortillas. For syncopation it had the rattle of the bus to Las Grutas and the chug-chug of the mill grinding corn for tortillas. It was a steady little tune without anything startling or sudden in it but it had a growing intensity.

The little tune had many verses but only one refrain. The refrain says These gringos come to bring us friendship. They do not come to buy, save what they eat, and they have nothing to sell. They are not like the gringos we see in Cuernavaca at the market. They do not yell at us, they do not curse at us, they do not get drunk and throw down our wares and break them. They are not turistas. They are gringos, assuredly, but they like us and we, *alabado sea Dios*, we like them.

The refrain has many variations and sometimes it is sung more often and more loudly than at other times but it is there. That is the refrain that the hopeless began to sing in the land of no hope.

The verses of the song were about the gringos, too, about the señor who didn't speak much Spanish but who liked the children. The señor whose eyes were kind and voice was soft. The señor spoke softly, smiled, and it was clear what he meant. Many verses concerned the señor who carried himself as a man should, who treated the old men with the respect due them.

There were many verses, too, about the señorita, Señorita Edita, who was short and fat and had blonde hair. Señorita Edita tried to learn to make tortillas, she worked in the *clínica* on

Fridays when it came to town. Señorita Edita played baseball with the girls and the *profesora*, and she played games with the little ones, too.

There were other verses about the other señorita who was shy because her Spanish wasn't so good, about Señor Roberto who knew everybody and who taught the English class in the school-house at night, about Glen who built *excusados* very well and who drove the truck always, about the older señor who wasn't used to digging but who dug, about Felipe and Gabriel, Mexicans but working with the gringos, Felipe who played the guitar and sang, and Gabriel who tried to teach the gray-haired señor Spanish.

There were verses about how the gringos worked so hard and how foolish they were to build *excusados* for other people without asking for pay.

They were crazy, no doubt, but it was a nice sort of craziness. Some there were who doubted the truth of the gringos' words that they had come to bring friendship and all they wanted was friendship. Some there were who scorned the gringos' ways, who said such boiling and scrubbing of pots and pans is mere foolishness, extra work for the women. *Excusados* are only for women, too, and why should the charcoal burners be lifted from the floor when our grandmothers used them on the floor? But the song was begun and more began to sing it, and it is still sung in the hearts of the people.

Sung in the hearts of the people, never uttered in words, perhaps never even thought.

The song may be silenced by some turista gringo in the marketplace or shops of Cuernavaca but one day it will spring forth anew and the tune will grow strong and sure and the words will be crystal . . . the gringos like us and we, God be praised, we, like them!

Smoke Jumping

Harry Burks

THERE it is," Bryn yelled above the roar of the motors. All eyes followed his finger and we saw a tall column of smoke rising from the forest about fifteen miles away. The Ford tri-motor heeled over in the late afternoon twilight as our pilot spotted the fire, and we made a last minute check of our chutes, harnesses, and firepacks before pulling on our helmets. A second to buckle the face mask and we were ready. I watched the altimeter as we climbed over the ridges—8,000-9,000-10,000—finally the needle stood quivering at 11,000 feet, and I wondered how our chutes would hold in that thin air. Banking over the fire we got a close look at the forest. Not a single clearing as far as we could see, and every other tree was a sharp, dead snag. Finally our crew leader picked a spot near the fire and we circled to come in on our first run. Ratigan hooked his static line and got down on the step in the open doorway. At a signal from the crew leader, he pulled himself out the door and dropped away from the plane. He started turning over in the air and was upside down when his chute opened. Oh boy, did he get a jerk!

We banked around watching the white parachute drift lazily over the green of the forest. He dodged one tall snag and then his chute hung in the trees. After two more had jumped, I took my place in the door and at the signal dropped off the step. A floating sensation for a moment—bang—I was yanked upright as the chute opened. Looking up, I saw that my canopy was still in one piece so I steered for the other chutes draped over the trees far below. As the earth rose to meet me, a tall dead pine loomed in front; I pulled hard on my right guide line and just slid past. I threw my arm over my face and crashed into the treetops, and amid crackling limbs, stopped, swinging about twenty feet off the ground with my chute hung over three pine trees. When I shouted, the rest of the gang answered O.K., so I used my let-down rope and joined them. Roaring back over us, the plane dropped the cargo chutes carrying our firepacks, and with a final dip of the wings headed back to West Yellowstone just as the stars began to twinkle.

Shouldering our firepacks, we hiked off through the trees and in a few minutes could see the leaping flames of the fire. There is something awe-inspiring about a forest fire, especially at night, and I wondered whether we six, twenty-five miles from civilization, could handle



Floating down to the airfield is the author on one of his trial jumps.

this one. We made camp near the fire and went to work, felling the worst burning snags and dirting down the hottest spots before turning in for some rest after midnight. Early next morning we ate a "K" ration (the Army concentrated emergency ration) and cut fire line all morning. Everything was running smoothly; but right after lunch a wind sprang up and suddenly we heard a terrific high-pitched roar which could only mean one thing—the fire had gotten into the treetops and was about to become a "crown fire" which would sweep through the forest with the speed of the wind. Rushing over, we found two trees already "crowned out" and more beginning to catch. I know we prayed as we worked, and for two hours we chopped and dug frantically to get down the most dangerous trees and stop the rapidly spreading ground fire. Finally, late in the afternoon, it was under control, and with trembling knees we sat down and just stared stupidly at each other. Then we began to laugh at ourselves—smoke blackened faces with white streaks where tears had run down, clothes covered with grime and ashes, holes burned in our shirts and some pant legs still smouldering. All in all we were a motley crew.

THAT night while we were eating our supper "K" ration, we discovered we were almost out of water. Immediately a search was started as we were in very high country where water is scarce; but instead of finding water, we met the pack train coming in to bring out our equipment. They had started from West Yellowstone the day before and in that trackless forest, had missed the fire more than a mile. Laden with fresh food and water, those mules got a royal welcome.

Two more days were spent in "mop-up" work, put-

May, 1944

ting out the last smoking logs and stumps, before the fire was officially out. Then, loading our parachutes and fire fighting equipment on the mules, we started back the hard way—on foot. After a long day of hiking and cutting trail for the mules, we all fervently wished smoke jumping were a two-way proposition. Arriving back in West Yellowstone, we left immediately for our camp at Seely Lake, Montana, three hundred miles north; we had flown it in five hours but it took thirty-six to get back by train.

IT was to Seely Lake that sixty of us had reported in the spring to learn this new method of fire fighting. Training started with calisthenics and long days on the obstacle course, a fiendish arrangement of rope climbing, pipe crawling, tight rope walking and other torture devices. Nursing many lumps and bruises, we started work on the tower next, where we got into our jumping suits—heavy padded canvas jackets and trousers, leather corsets, and football helmets with steel face masks. With a rope attached to our harness we jumped off a thirty-foot tower, which acquainted us with free falling and the shock of a parachute opening. A few days practice in take-offs from the door of our mock plane, and let-down procedure for getting out of trees, and we were ready for the real thing. Finally, one chilly morning, we loaded on our truck and arrived at the airport just as the tri-motor landed. My throat was dry as I struggled into my suit and checked my chutes and harness, and when we clambered aboard, the instructor grinned at our

white faces. The airport dropped away beneath us as we circled over the landing spot marked by bright colored streamers, and when my turn came, I felt acute stage fright. But, when I got my foot on the step and watched the tall pines drifting slowly backward far below, I somehow felt calm and ready. "Jump!"—crossing my arms and ducking my head, I launched myself into space—a terrific jerk and when I opened my eyes everything was quiet and peaceful; no roaring motors or screaming wind; just vast space all around me and the sunny countryside slowly rising. When I was a few feet off the ground, I pulled down hard on all risers and—WHAM—my legs jackknifed, driving my toes against my shins, and I toppled over backward. I was O.K., but we did have a few sprains and breaks during our practice jumps.

The remainder of our training consisted of extensive fire fighting practice and map and compass work for finding our way out of the woods as we usually jump on lightning fires in very inaccessible parts of the forest. In some cases, we could parachute to a fire within a few hours after it was reported and handle it with very few men; a crew on foot would require two or three days to get there, during which a fire sometimes grows very large and can be controlled only by hundreds or thousands of men. The Forest Service found that parachutists could save not only thousands of acres of timber but also thousands of dollars in fire fighting costs. Our gang here is sold on smoke jumping and we are all looking forward to next summer when we will again "hit the silk" to hit the fires.

Harry Burks grew up in Dyersburg, Tennessee. He graduated in Electrical Engineering at Vanderbilt where he was active both in church and Christian Association work. After graduation he worked as a communications engineer for the Southern Bell Telephone Company. He was in the Vanderbilt School of Religion when he was drafted into Civilian Public Service. After nine months in the Buck Creek Camp, he volunteered for the "smoke jumpers" unit of CPS in Montana. It is about this unit's work that he writes in this article.

Harry Burks is shown here just before he boarded the plane to reach one of the forest fires he tells about in "Smoke Jumping"



The Student in the Defense Industry

Terrific Waste

Jack Brembeck

Chief Draftsman for the Western-Holly Company of Los Angeles

The Methodist Student Movement should include the students in the defense industry as well as the students on campus or the battlefield. They have not been given the publicity that the soldier or conscientious objector has had, and in some cases have almost been forgotten. Many times they have less chance to find sources of fellowship than do the men in service. But they're Methodist youth and they want to be thought of as students, because it is the life of the campus for which they yearn.



Jack Brembeck

ONCE upon a time, and yet not so very long ago, we used to gripe about quizzes and term papers, and oh, how we hated eight o'clock classes in the morning. If we could only quit school for a while, get a job and forget about books.

Then came December 7, 1941, and before we knew it, our wish had been granted. For the bombshell of hate exploded in our face. The black cloud of war engulfed the world. And several months later found us away from school and working in a defense plant.

The first few weeks, it seemed nice to come home at night and not have to study for "that final" the next day. But we soon found that a job, day in and day out, wasn't the luxurious life we had pictured.

It also seemed nice to have money in our pocket again. Now we didn't have to "hash" at a sorority for our Saturday night date money. But with a bigger salary came a bigger responsibility, and we found we had income tax, and social security to pay.

Then we liked the idea of being on our own, of being independent. Nobody could boss us around. That was, until there came the time when a contract had to be out on time, and "our boss" told us we'd have to put in more overtime. We didn't mind it for a while, but after working day and night for two months we became pretty sick of it, and we wanted to quit.

That was a year and a half ago and

now we long with all our hearts to go back to school.

With such an introduction, let us turn to the minds and thoughts of the student in the defense industry.

First of all, he observes the terrific waste—waste of time, of money and material. Most important of all, he realizes the waste of time that is being taken from his life. This same thought certainly must be in the mind of the soldier. For at his lonely outpost, he must think of the many ways he could be using those precious hours.

Unless a man is in a defense job that is equipping him for his life's work, or is a soldier getting a chance to do the same thing by going to college, this man is just passing time. We are all using our skills to bring an end to this war, but in so many ways we are just waiting for that "future day" and this is not as it should be, because each day is a gift from God, and should be lived to the fullest.

ANOTHER thought is that for many of us, working in a war plant has not brought about a challenge to our way of thinking in regards to our attitude toward war. For the war has brought mass production to practically every little community in the United States. Therefore so much of our work has become routine, day in and day out, doing the same thing. Our job has not changed our sensitive mind, it has only dulled it. In airplane plants this is particularly true, where a structure moves along an assembly line, and all you have to do is to rivet certain pieces in certain

places as each structure comes in front of you.

In my own case, it is hard for me to comprehend the far reaching results of my work. I very seldom realize that the mechanism which I put on paper is to be used to make an explosive which will blow to bits some brother of mine. It is only when I make a trip to our bomb loading plant to see the finished bomb tested and packed away do I realize the hellish business of war. It is only then that I begin to think of the precision, the accuracy of work, the intellectual capacity, and the untold amount of money that is being put to work all over the world so that man might find more destructive ways to kill man. Each outdoing the other in a race to see who can kill the most in the shortest space of time. And it is then that I lift my eyes to God in prayer, and I promise that in so far as I am able, I will see that these same skills of brain and brawn, of money and material shall, in the future, be used to build the kingdom of God here on earth.

When Three Good Fellows Get Together

Our fate is really in the hands of the three great powers—science, finance and the press. Underneath the showy political surface of things those three great powers are secretly determining the march of the nations, and there is little hope for the future unless they can mellow and develop on international lines. In each of these departments of life there must be men who feel this as strongly as the writer of these words. The world's hope lies with them, in the possibility of their being able to institute a sort of craftsman's trusteeship for mankind—a new triple alliance of science, finance and the press in service to a new idealism.

—John Galsworthy, 1923, in *Candelabra: Selected Essays and Addresses*. (Scribner's, 1933.)

May, 1944



Portrait of Christ Robert Hodgell

Behold the Man!

I saw myself a youth, almost a boy, in a low-pitched wooden church. . . . There stood before me many people, all fair-haired peasant heads. From time to time they began swaying, falling, rising again, like the ripe ears of wheat, when the sun in summer passes over them. All at once a man came up from behind and stood beside me. I did not turn towards him, but I felt that the man was Christ. Emotion, curiosity, awe overmastered me. I made an effort and looked at my neighbor. A face like everyone's; a face like all men's faces. The eyes looked a little upward, quietly and intently; the lips closed, not compressed; the upper lip as it were resting on the other; a small beard parted in two; the hands folded and still; and the clothes on him like everyone's. "What sort of Christ is this?" I thought; "such an ordinary, ordinary man. It cannot be." I turned away; but I had hardly turned my eyes from this ordinary man when I felt again that it was none other than Christ standing beside me. Suddenly my heart sank; and I came to myself. Only then I realized that just such a face is the face of Christ—a face like all men's faces.

—Turgenev

. . . he hath no form nor comeliness; there is no beauty that we should desire him.

—Isaiah

The Artist's Note On His Drawing

I MADE quite a study of Christ as a man; partly because of this assignment and partly because I found it so interesting. I think I came nearer to knowing Christ than being able to see him—which makes pictorial representation almost impossible. There are no known portraits of Christ. His earliest appearance in art history is as a beardless, short-haired youth—and that was about A.D. 200. Starting with nothing, almost anything is possible.

History has been so much preoccupied with military men that the Bible is about the only available source of information. Being more concerned with concepts and events than images, the nearest thing to a description that seemed reliable or real to me was the passage in Isaiah from which Amos Wilder quoted in his story.

So I tried another approach. If Christ is a living reality to some people, perhaps they have a picture of him. I sent out many requests and had many answers and

as many different Christs. Discounting characteristics that were obviously derived from popular paintings, I still had a half dozen pictures—all of them real to somebody. It seemed that Christ is only an idea, but, as Christians, we have the faith that makes that idea real and we supply the physical characteristics from the best that we know. That Christ is real to us and how Christ actually looked doesn't matter because we probably wouldn't have known him had we lived at such a time as to have seen him. He comes to us in the image that is real to us—if an image is necessary. The fact that Christ actually lived and died as a man among men limits his original human appearance to human characteristics, but if he should return and "appear" to any person it could be in any manner—he could be a reality without necessarily assuming human form.

To me, any man or woman with the

qualities of intelligence, understanding, and sincerity has potentially the appearance of a Christ; but exceedingly few are strong enough to allow more than a small portion of the potentialities within them to develop.

One "portrait of Christ" is what I'm sending. It's far from being satisfactory to me, but it represents many hours of thought and work. I doubt if I could do more without starting over again. I can probably do better, but I don't think I could ever put on paper a portrait that would be entirely acceptable to more than a few people, or at all satisfactory to me—or you. I imagine Christ as a person such as I might meet on the street today, and there would be nothing strange about him. He would be quiet and sincere, capable of smiling but no boisterous or vulgar ways or thoughts about him. So simple—and yet you see what happened when I put my brush to the task. An artist friend of mine once told me I should leave such things to men who were more mature. He was right.—Bob Hodgell

Andrew's Story of Jesus

Philip F. Mayer

I

GALILEE

Jesus?
Sure I knew him.
He sat many a time
On that stone where you're sitting now,
Watching the waves roll up on the beach.

Why, forty years ago he almost lived
In this old boat I'm caulking—
It still seems as though he belonged to her.

Jesus liked to go out on the lake;
There where it was quiet,
He'd think up stories
About planting corn, or the like.
We couldn't see what he was driving at.

"What's the point, Jesus?" we'd ask;
And then he'd tell
How we would have to grow too,
Like the corn—
God can't make seedlings ripen over night.

II

NATURE

You see it's this way;
John the Baptist had people thinking
That God was going to set the world right.
Jesus didn't believe it; he figured
That people have to depend on nature,
Like the lilies of the field do.

The same nature that makes the sea beautiful,
The grapes sweet, the sheep's wool warm,
And that makes a dog friendly,
Is in man too.
It's man's nature to use his mind,
To spend his life caring for his family,
And in making the earth more beautiful.

What's needed is the courage to be kind,
Without worrying about tomorrow,
And the common sense to plant,
So that tomorrow will be cared for.

To Jesus, God was something within you;
What you call, "Mother Nature."
You can't separate God from things
Any more than you can separate beauty
From a good boat.

If people loved God with all their hearts,
They wouldn't want magic instead of growth,
And they wouldn't be looking for a savior;
They'd see God in everything.

III

LOVE

Pete, Jim, and the rest of us
Used to quarrel over the fish—
And there was Jesus with nothing;
Begging for his food and a place to sleep.

But when we began to go around with him,
We soon found out
That if we cared for people and things,
They would care for us—
That made us free to be as loving
As we had it in us to be.
Really now, even Romans and Africans
Are just ourselves in other bodies,
Doing their best to make things better.

Of course, even after a fellow sees
That he's part of one great life,
It's still easy to forget;
We have to keep looking up into people's faces
And remembering to love.

That was what Jesus called "prayer";
It wasn't a form of words,
It was a way of thinking and living.

IV

LIFE

They said Jesus wasn't any good—
Just going around, natural and friendly.
You wouldn't think, though,
They would kill a man just for telling
What everyone knows already.

The preachers said he was destroying religion.
That's true;
He was destroying their kind of religion,
And putting life in its place.
He didn't write anything down,
Because what he had to say
Was already written on people's hearts.

He wasn't afraid to die,
Because the life he lived
Would go on being lived everywhere—

People would love their families and friends,
They would help their neighbors,
And chat with strangers,
The same as we're doing right now;
Priests, or armies, or death
Can't stop love and life.

Well, give me a hand, will you?
Let's shove the old boat out;
She's ready for the sea again.

God is Available

A Follower of Vedanta Writes About the Search

Christopher Isherwood

THE search for God is dependent upon a fundamental axiom. The Quakers express it very well when they say: "God is available." You can find Him if you want Him enough. You can learn to want Him enough if you can want to want Him ever so little. The desire, we are told, will grow because God will help it to grow. He wants us to come to Him.

Who is God, and why don't we all search for Him? The answer is that we nearly all do, consciously or unconsciously, under a huge variety of shapes and names. Some of us call Him the Cosmic Force, Democracy, Efficiency, Reason, Success, the Spirit of Man, Pure Form, Rhythm, Meaning, the Leader, or the Dialectic. Some see Him in the pituitary gland, some in the Grand Canyon, some in the higher mathematics, some in a girl named Mary or a boy called Bill. Some worship Him in a fallen meteorite, some in a king cobra, some in a national flag, or a wooden post painted scarlet and blue. Some look for Him in the mental states produced by physical danger, or sexual excitement, or dope, or speed. In other words, the search for God is the search for the meaning of life—and who hasn't attempted it? Anyone who is not invariably content with the day-to-day round of eating and sleeping; anyone who has ever questioned or philosophized, no matter how timidly and tritely; anyone who has ever loved another human being or animal; anyone who has known self-forgetful absorption in his work; anyone who has risked time or money or his neck for the sake of an ideal—yes, anyone who has ever felt bored, even, or needed to get drunk—has experienced some slight pang of that hunger which drives the saints toward their goal.

This ache of spiritual hunger within us, the mystics say, is the prompting of God Himself, aching and asking to be known. In the great majority of cases, however, this momentary discomfort appears to lead to nothing creative, to no immediate spiritual advance. We feel the unrest, the tension, and so we take measures to relieve

it. That restless, ever-recurring longing to know the meaning of life is temporarily forgotten, in a discharge of physical or mental energy followed by sleep. The Buddha within us wants to start out on his pilgrimage: so we carry him into a movie-theater and tell him to take it easy. But, however much our laziness exclaims: "Let me rest!" we have to wake up again sooner or later; we have to face the daylight again, and that whole profoundly disturbing world of phenomena which puts its teasing eternal question to us: "What am I?"

We can never escape from this question, except into unconsciousness. It is futile to say: "But I like my life the way it is. I don't need to search for any meaning." Psychologists have sometimes attempted to devise a perfect adjustment to the world-as-it-seems, a kind of well-balanced sensual diet containing all the required vitamins, from sexual intercourse to appreciation of the fine arts. But, the more we sharpen our senses to enjoy such a feast, the more they cry out for their true nourishment, for the unknown haunting reality behind the canvas or the flesh.

Mystics are popularly supposed to regard the world as utterly miserable and vile. This is a most misleading idea. What the illumined saint, the man who has actually *experienced* the presence of God, will tell you is something like this: "When you see the world as I see it you will know that it is the kingdom of heaven. Because, everywhere and in everything, you will see *meaning*, you will see God, and nothing else but God. There is nothing wrong with the world in itself. There cannot be—because, outside God, it doesn't exist at all. But there is everything wrong with your present perception of it. You are what is called worldly-minded, which is another word for insane. The worldly-minded man is a madman, because he substitutes an entirely imaginary situation for the actual situation, which is that God alone exists, everywhere, always. In the imaginary situation which you have invented, there is no place for God, al-

though many of you believe that you believe in Him. God is everywhere or nowhere; but you want to give Him a little corner, while nearly all the space in your imaginary world is reserved for the values you sincerely respect—your reputation, your possessions, and your lusts. I tell you, not in a mood of condescension but with the utmost concern for your sanity, that your values are fictitious and your world-picture totally unreal. And I have no doubt that you think me as crazy as I think you."

This does not mean that the great multitude of the worldly-minded are lost, or that their lives are lived in vain. Neither Christianity, nor Buddhism, nor Vedanta, nor any other true religion says that. Everybody, in one way or another, comes to the search for God; and there is no ultimate failure, the mystics tell us, in that search. After many lives, many false starts, many experiments, many kinds of madness, the human spirit will recognize its Divine Nature, its place in the actual situation, and in that moment of recognition its wanderings will cease. "A spark lost from the fire, a drop strayed from the ocean: what else are you, O Man, until you turn back to your Home?"

THE only way we can make contact with God is by turning inward to God inside ourselves. We cannot find Him outside until we have first found Him within, because it is only through inward knowledge of Him that we can see Him in the world around us. To turn inward, we have to make use of the mind. Prayer and meditation are part of this technique of using the mind to make contact with the inner God. When we are praying, we are reminding ourselves of the actual situation; we are saying: "O God, O my Real Self, reveal Yourself to me."

The word "Yoga" means union, becoming united with God. More than 2000 years ago, a philosopher named Patanjali summarized the Yoga technique of making contact with God, in a series of aphorisms. These aphorisms are worded with great compression of meaning, like telegrams; and many commentators, throughout the centuries, have had to help us to understand them.

Patajali begins by defining the practice of Yoga as "restraining the mind-stuff from taking various forms." Knowledge or perception, according to Patanjali, takes the form of a *vrutti*, a wave, in the mind. The mind-stuff can be thought of as a sort of lake, across which ripples and waves of various sizes pass. Man imagines he knows himself as he really is, but he is mistaken. He is merely identifying himself with his mind and the *vruttis* which rise within it. Some external stimulus, conveyed to his mind through the sense-organs, raises within it a wave of joy or a wave of unhappiness—and man, imagining that these waves are a part of his real self, exclaims: "I am happy" or "I am unhappy." This delusion will continue as long as he remains ignorant of the true nature of this real self, the *Atman*, or God-within-man. If the mind is to be thought of as a lake, then the *Atman* is the bed of the lake. You cannot see it as long as the water is disturbed. Therefore, the object of Yoga practice is to calm the *vruttis*, until the mind is absolutely tranquil, and we can look down through its transparent purity and see the *Atman*, the God, beneath. Jesus refers to

this process when he says: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

If the *vruttis* were really like waves, however—raised by the wind and falling again to rest—the practice of Yoga would be a comparatively easy matter. Actually, the image of the lake is too simple: it does not give an adequate idea of Patanjali's extremely subtle picture of the human mind. For Yoga psychology takes into consideration not only the *vruttis*, but also our latent tendencies, which it calls *samskaras*. If we change the simile, and think of the *vruttis* as seeds sown upon the soil of the mind, then the *samskaras* are like the various kinds of plants and trees which grow up as a result of the sowing. When these *samskaras* are full-grown, they will cast seeds on their own account, without our aid. Thus, *vruttis* create *samskaras*, and *samskaras*, in their turn, create new *vruttis*. Suppose a certain person makes you angry whenever you see him. If you allow the *vruttis* of anger to be sown broadcast in your mind, they will sooner or later take root and grow up into a jungle of *samskaras*. Then your mind will be choked and tangled with wrathful impulses against everybody and everything. You will be angry all day long, even though you may avoid meeting your original enemy altogether.

From this it follows that we must eliminate the bad *samskaras* before we can hope to be able to deal with the *vruttis*. And that is a very difficult task. For many of the *samskaras* are old and firmly rooted: their roots go deep down into the unconscious mind. Perhaps they were not created in our present life, even, but in one of our previous lives. The belief in reincarnation is, of course, fundamental to Vedanta and Buddhism; it existed, also, in early Christianity, and there are Christians who are prepared to accept it, as a hypothesis, today. This cycle of birth, death, rebirth is what Buddhists call "The Wheel." Man is said to be chained to this Wheel by his desires and possessions and vanities; so he must return to this world again and again until he has satisfied himself that they are all fruitless and illusory; then, only, can he break from the Wheel and be free. Freud says that there is a "life-instinct" and a "death-instinct" in each one of us. According to the ideas of Buddhism and Vedanta, this "life-instinct" ought to be called the Wheel-instinct—the desire to follow one's desires; and the "death-instinct" ought to be called the liberation-instinct—the desire to get free from the Wheel. The literature of Christianity, also, is full of allusions to the liberation-instinct: it is called "dying to the world."

If we did not have this will to liberation implanted in us, we could not possibly undertake the life of spiritual discipline, which is, from the worldly point of view, so perverse and insane. We could never hope to be rid of the *samskaras*. How are the raging storms of the mind to be stilled? Only a Jesus or a Buddha can calm the waters with a single word. Only a person who has the grace to meet such a great soul can expect the touch which gives instant freedom. The rest of us have to practice a sort of counter-irritation: to the "bad," bondage-creating waves and impulses we must oppose "good," freedom-creating waves and impulses. True, all kinds of *vruttis* disturb the surface of the lake, and hide the divine *Atman* lying beneath: that is why, ultimately, there can be no talk of "good" or of "bad." But, as a first step, we have

to crowd the "bad" *vrittis* off the surface, by raising "good" ones which are larger and stronger. Then the "good" tendencies will disappear in their turn because they are no longer necessary. One may compare this process with the Marxian theory that, when the ideal classless society has been established, the State will, of its own accord, "wither away."

The "good" tendencies are created in the mind when we begin to lead a life devoted to ethical and spiritual discipline, when we cultivate truthfulness, non-injury and continence, when we acquire regular habits of study and worship. Thus the mind is drawn increasingly away from the bondage of the senses. Thus, little by little, we achieve concentration, meditation, and, finally, complete absorption in God.

All religious teachers who are not blindly coercive and dogmatic must recognize that temperaments vary: different people go to God along very different roads. Vedanta has classified four main roads of spiritual life, four methods of Yoga: they are *Jnana Yoga*, the way of intellectual discrimination, *Bhakti Yoga*, the way of devotion, *Karma Yoga*, the way of social service, and *Raja Yoga*, the way of meditation. Any one of these, or a

blend of two or more, may be adopted as a method of approach to our Divine Nature.

But the search is always the same search, and the paths converge as the goal is neared. Therefore, let us beware of one thing only—hesitating too long to consider the variety of our man-made dogmas and doctrines and formulae. The study of many religions is fruitful only insofar as it reminds us of what they have in common. What matters is to act. No matter which form of approach happens to suit your individual need: God is everywhere available. He is your very own. He belongs to you. He *is* you. Don't hesitate; and don't be too humble, either. Don't yearn for Him, merely; yell for Him. Ring all the bells of prayer, like an indignant guest at a bad hotel: don't be satisfied with those wretched substitutes which the world tries to foist upon you. Demand to see the manager himself. Make a terrible fuss. No need for tact, for polite phrasing. You are only demanding your absolute, inalienable rights. That urgency, that determined call—that is what gets the results. If you have that, you can belong to the idol-worshippers and still be a man of God. Until you have it, all the gospels of all the great teachers will not be of very much use.

So You're Going to

CHINA

Creighton Lacy

*West to the setting sun,
Where the junk sails lift
In the homeless drift,
And the East and the West are one.*

THE very fact of your going to China is proof that this unknown poet saw more clearly than Kipling. For the twain have met, and you are going, among other reasons, to cement that friendship. China and America are allies in a global war, a brutally destructive war which has desecrated the Asiatic continent for over six years, and which has still to witness some of its bitterest fighting on—and from—Chinese soil. As aviator or teacher, ambulance driver or doughboy, you will have a triple duty. There will be the immediate and specific task: some phase of the dual program of resistance and reconstruction. There will be a simultaneous and inescapable job of representing your own country in everything you do, for literally thousands of eyes will be watching you eagerly, cordially, hopefully. Finally, unless you are strangely immune, you will feel an imperative urge to reinterpret China to your friends back home.

So you're going to China: glamorous Cathay, the

mysterious East, the spell of the Orient! The Great Wall, rickshas, Yellow River floods, pigtails, gravemounds, the Altar of Heaven, bound feet, Yangtze Gorges, sampans, pagodas, rice paddies, sedan-chairs, temples! Or are you ultra-modern, on the look-out for Indusco, the New Life Movement, charcoal motors, converted Flying Tigers, Kuomintang emblems, loess cave villages, Communist organizers, missionary hospitals, a red-white-and-blue flag, refugee universities, and Chiang Kai-shek? They are all there (though you may have to search the older generation in remote districts to find bound feet and pigtails). In a land larger than the United States, with well over three times as many people, all generalizations and descriptions are dangerously limited.

The country. An endless succession of wheatfields or rice paddies or truck gardens, patchwork style, covering every arable foot of soil. Few trees, for hundreds of generations have needed fuel and timber and crop space, but those few often possess an artistic shape and setting that bring to life those unique Oriental paintings. (It won't be easy to march across China's fields, for even the Army obstacle course hasn't trained you for rice paddies or kaoliang fields or sweet potato vines; so on

your casual strolls, follow the narrow paths that wind among tiny plots; every ruined peanut counts over there.) Farmhouses built of gray brick or whitewashed mud and straw, clustered in cosy villages, with the livestock (pigs, chickens, dogs, a donkey, and perhaps a buffalo—no cows) included as part of the family. Graceful upturned eaves, that no longer repel the evil spirits of twentieth century skies. A pagoda silhouetted against the sunset, once a repository for sacred relics, now probably a water tank or watchtower.

The cities. Patched-up traces of the bombing inflicted on every sizable town: a matting roof tied to an uneven wall, fresh mud plaster, old gates that shrapnel scarred and fire charred. A medley of gaudy signs and banners hung across the streets. Delectable smells from open foodshops or a street vendor's portable kitchen. The endless chain of rickshas, sedan-chairs, carts, wheelbarrows, and coolies crowding and jostling, laughing and chattering. A weird variety of knickknacks to buy, mostly utilitarian (and perhaps bearing a crude Indusco triangle), for the art treasures and exquisite handiwork are scarce today. Haunting notes of a bamboo flute or a fiddle.

The people. Farmers in blue cotton trousers, folded over voluminously at waist and ankle-tight at bottom, hoeing a garden of cabbages or toting the finished products in baskets to market. Quiet, industrious women, sewing or flailing wheat or dickering raucously for a comb. Children with shaven heads and gaping pants, riding a buffalo in the ricefields or playing hopscotch in the dust. Scholars in long silk gowns strolling down the streets, perhaps even reading as they dodge rickshas. New Life Movement officers, natty in their uniforms, ordering a careless coolie to pick up his lichee shells. A government official with horn-rimmed spectacles, a foreign suit, and a worried expression. Girl students, their graceful gowns slit engagingly to the thigh, lecturing a group of peasant women on child care. A peripatetic pedlar calling his wares in high nasal tones. A Bible colporteur reading to an assorted crowd, many of whom clutch coppers in sweaty, impatient hands. An American aviator, followed by a Hamlin horde of admiring black eyes and shrill voices shouting "Yankee Doodle!" Stoic restraint . . . unquenchable determination . . . lifelong loyalty . . . friendly smiles and bounding good humor . . . patience and pride . . . sacrificial hospitality . . . courtesy and curiosity . . . "face."

The government. Stemming always from local family and village unity. Firm in their new allegiance to a Central Government, even sending taxes from so-called "occupied territory" to Chungking. Reverence approaching worship for Dr. Sun Yat-sen, whose picture hangs in every public building. A ruling clique composed largely of Kuomintang (National People's Party) members, but including all minor parties and many non-partisan leaders. Sincere efforts to make the People's Political Council truly representative and increase its powers. A Draft Constitution with challenging emphasis on education, economic democracy, and a distinction between popular sovereignty and administrative power. A stirring national anthem which expresses the universal desire to share in a peaceful family of nations. A generalissimo who is a practical and practicing Christian, military leader and world statesman.

May, 1944



—motive ph

The religions. Waning superstitions, still manifest in spirit money, zigzag bridges, trinkets to protect the babies, firecrackers to frighten the dog who swallows the moon in an eclipse. Ancestor worship—if incense is any more pagan than cemetery flowers—more fittingly expressed in filial piety, a living of the Fifth Commandment. The ageless Buddhist temples where devout pilgrims seek the blessing of Kwan-yin, beautiful goddess of mercy, or of Omitofu himself. Or the profound philosophical truth of Buddhism that the suffering of life is caused by man's insatiate desires. Or the correlative compassion, humility, and serenity symbolized by the pure lotus blossom. The alluring doctrine of the Way or the Truth of Taoism, a religion of benevolence and optimism and moderation. The peace and simplicity of a Confucian shrine. The Confucian way of life that has pervaded all China for 2500 years, based on respect for a benevolent heaven; the innate goodness and brotherhood of man; responsibility to one's family, community, and government; and recognition of the supreme values of education, culture, and character. The foundations in each of these religions for a greater faith to come. The inspiring realization that Christianity claims less than one per cent of the population as church members, perhaps twenty per cent of government officials, maybe forty per cent of public leaders in all fields, but a vast majority of the spirit and incentive and motivation for China's wartime resistance and reconstruction.

The books to read. For survey pamphlet: *Changing China* by George E. Taylor (IPR). For historical background: K. S. Latourette's *The Chinese: Their History and Culture*, or *An Outline History of China* by Gowan and Hall. For current government: *The China of Chiang Kai-shek* by Paul Linebarger. For real fiction: Lin Yutang's *Moment in Peking* and Pearl Buck's *Good Earth* and *Dragon Seed*. For the rich ritual of life and death: Juliet Bredon's *Hundred Altars*. For a native view of the people: Lin Yutang's *My Country and My People*. For recent missions: *Dangerous Opportunity* by Earle Ballou and *China Rediscovered Her West* by Wu Yi-fang and Frank Price. For religions, clear and up-to-date: Y. C. Yang's *China's Religious Heritage*. For Chinese Communism: Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China*. For dynamic and sympathetic contemporary "feel" of wartime: *Dawn Watch in China* by Joy Homer.

So you're going to China! Then get your first job over with quickly. But keep alert to the endless opportunities in the second and the third. *P'ing An!* Peace be with you!

Amos in Times Square

Rabbi Jacob J. Weinstein

OUR sorely troubled generation seeks desperately the balm of Gilead and finds all too often that modern formulas are broken cisterns. It is good, therefore, to turn to that ancient reservoir, the Book of Books, and find there the healing waters. Of the biblical authors none speaks with a surer tongue and a sharper relevance than Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, who delivered his prophecies in the streets of Samaria some 2600 years ago.

Amos was a typical prophet in Israel, who could descry the future because he so profoundly understood the present. He was possessed by three burning convictions. He believed first of all that judgment was inescapable—that, in the moral field, cause and effect were as iron-bound as in the physical. Wars, civil and national, were but the avenging rods of God for the social sins of the people.

The second conviction which he held with equal resolution was that, no matter how fearful the judgment, there would always be a saving remnant of the righteous to rebuild the world and bring it closer to the heart of God.

Thirdly, Amos saw with the eye of faith that the world was indivisible—a universe. The body of humanity became one organic whole in God. Therefore, a hurt to any human being was a hurt to all and a stab at God's own integrity. Injustice was blasphemy for it assaulted God through His extension, Man.

This intuition of Amos and the other prophets has, I believe, been confirmed by science. Science has shrunk the barriers of time and space until the globe has become an interdependent neighborhood. Science has cut down the elapsed time between sin and its consequence, and thrown its clear white light on the moral anarchy of those who think that a few thousand miles or a few decades can save them from the consequences of their actions. It required forty years for the sin of the Missouri Compromise to flower into the judgment of the Civil War; it required but a year for the Munich Compromise to bloom into the atonement of World War II.

I imagine this is the way the Shepherd of Tekoa might view this sorry world of ours and speak of it to an average noon-day crowd in Times Square, New York.

(The words of Amos, a farmer from Pleasantville, which he saw concerning the nation and which he spoke in Times Square of New York City in the days of Franklin Roosevelt and Adolf Hitler, two weeks after the bombing of Pearl Harbor:)

The Voice has again come from Jerusalem,
And the warning from the high places in Zion,
That blood and sweat and tears shall pour
abundantly,

And the green pastures shall be whitened with
the bones of youth.

THUS SAITH THE LORD:

For three transgressions of Nippon,
Yea, for four, I will not reverse the Judgment
of Doom;
Because they took Manchukuo with deceit
And threshed the patient Chinese with sledges of
steel;
And ignited dynamite of air and sea with the pipe
of peace.
So will I send a fire into the house of the Sun-
Emperor,
And it shall devour the palaces of Hirohito
And the mighty houses of the Samurai,
And the rising sun shall set in darkness of blood.

THUS SAITH THE LORD:

For three transgressions of Italia,
Yea, for four, I will not reverse the Judgment
of Doom;
Because they rained death upon the inhabitants
of Ethiopia
And called the shell-shattered bowels of the
dusky people
"Beautiful as orchids flaming from the ground";
Because they played the jackal to the raging
beast from the North,
And betrayed the brotherly covenant for gains
of empire.
I will send a fire against the walls of Rome
And it shall devour the strutting Caesar from
the high balcony.
Thus shall liberty be restored to the sons of
Mazzini,
Laughter and song to the people whose speech is
sparkling wine
And melts like music in the air.

THUS SAITH THE LORD:

For three, aye, for thirty transgressions of
Germania
I will not reverse the Judgment of Doom;
For they loosed the dogs of war on all mankind,
And branded the flesh of myriad innocents with
a double cross;
They devised devilish devices of destruction,
Streaked the wide savannahs of the air with
furious dragons of fire,
Turned my vaulted chambers into arsenals of
death;

Yea, they harness the waves of the air to
parachutes of lies,
And drop the subversive word into the wells of
living waters
To breed suspicion and rancor in the councils of
free nations,
To set white against black, rich against poor,
Gentile against Jew.
Terrible and dreadful is this bitter and impetuous
nation
That marches through the breadth of the earth
To possess dwelling places that are not theirs;
But, lo, I have raised the Stalin rod of my
vengeance,
The resolute Bear of the East, whose paws are
hammer and sickle,
To pursue him with the fury of an east wind,
And hold his panzers in an icy grip.
Until the Lion and Eagle have recovered their
strength,
And the day of final reckoning shall be at hand,
The Day of Judgment and of Reckoning; the day
of the Lord, indeed!

But think not, O people of America, that this will be
a day of light and rejoicing, a day of carousing and carnival.
It will be a day of penitence and deep searching of
soul, a day of confession and true atonement. Think not
that you are the chosen people of the earth, because I
have cast your lives in pleasant places and given you the
kidney fat of wheat and rich corn, that you have become
millers and meat-packers to the world.

Egypt was mighty in its day, and Babylon no less:
Assyria called itself "Invincible Eagle," and Rome
anointed herself "Mistress of All Lands and All Seas." Yet
I destroyed these mighty empires, their fruit from above
and their roots from beneath. Their names are but faded
echoes in the ear of time, and their vauntings the babbling
of children.

People of America, take this to heart and consider it
well. You have I endowed more richly than all other
nations. You have I given soil veined with silver beneath
and crowned with fields of golden grain, forests of good
wood, and lakes and rivers abounding in fish. And I have
brought you tested men to match my mountains. Therefore,
do I expect of you a strict account. Simple and just
is my rule: From each according to his strength; to each
in the measure of his needs. I have set this plumb-line in
the midst of the people.

For have you not heard that the Earth is mine, and all
that is therein? Are not the children of Manchuria, Ethiopia
and Andalusia as dear to me as the children of England
and America? Wherefore, then, did you smugly wrap your
oceans about you and turn your broad back on Europe's
woes, when my servant Wilson pleaded that you rise to your
high-born part and create a New World Order? Where was
your brotherly heart when the Chinese perished and the
Ethiopians were murdered and the Spanish massacred by
unrepentant sons of Edom? Did you not say, as Cain of
old: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Two mighty oceans of
water will not dilute the brother-blood in the heart of
my creatures. The very ground cried out with the blood
of the innocent, and will not open

itself to you until every drop of blood, drawn from my
abandoned children, is recompensed by one drawn from
the callous at heart. It will go ill with you, for by Justice,
and Justice alone, can the Earth endure.

(At this point, there is an interruption. A woman
shopper, expensively dressed, yawns audibly,
takes out her compact, powders her nose, while
whispering, not too softly to her neighbor:)

"There ought to be a law against these Jeremiahs.
They're bad for business."

(Amos hears part of this whisper, and directs a
few remarks to the disturber:)

Hear this word, you contented cows in mink's clothing,
That dwell in the fat places of Suburbia,
That oppress the poor, that crush the needy,
That say to your husbands: get riches
That we may feast in splendor and ride in limousines;
Lo, surely the days shall come upon you
That you shall be taken away with hooks
And the survivors of you will scrub floors and plow fields;
And give the favor of your smile for a crust of dry bread.
As the seed of apple trees bringeth forth apples,
So is the present state of the world the harvest of your
individual planting.
Therefore, seek not beyond the seas and above the skies
the cause of the world's agony.
But closer, nearer than hands and feet; in your hearts
and in your minds.
Nations and states are but the embodied will of men
and women.
Evil nations do not spring from good people.
Therefore, look into your hearts, seek, and you shall find:
That you have sold the righteous for silver,
And the needy for a pair of shoes;
That you have panted after the dust
Of the earth at the head of the poor

To add field unto field, and house unto house;
You have blinded the eyes of your judges with bribes,
And hated him that spoke uprightly in the gate,
Saying to your Prophets: "Shut up! Prophecy not!"
You have thought that a little prayer here,
A little charity there, would salve your conscience
And bring atonement with your Maker.
But you cannot pull the wool over His eyes,
For He hates, He despises these bribes;
He will not accept them;
Would you find a sure path to Him?
Then let justice well up as waters,
And righteousness as a mighty stream!

You have stored up grapes of wrath;
You have sown the wind, and will reap a whirlwind.
For days come which will be days of darkness and not
of light.
Lamentation shall be in all the broad places.
And they shall say in the streets: "Alas, alas, her boy has
gone down with the ship in Pearl Harbor,
And the son of such a one died in Manila;

The husband of this young bride was killed in Singapore;
And the young father of that one met his death in the
air over the Southern Seas!"

The voice of sorrow will be heard in the land
As the mourning for an only son,
And the end thereof as a bitter day.
Thus shall all the stored-up violence be expressed
And ancient wrongs be requited in blood.

Then, O then, will the remnant of the people be sound,
And get them a heart of wisdom at last.
And raise up again the fallen tabernacle of David;
A permanent Assembly for all nations;
A Court of Justice for all peoples.

And Peace, girded by Justice, shall come back to earth,

And men will turn their swords into plowshares,
And breathe freedom from the four winds,
With none to make them afraid.

Behold, the abundant days come,
That the plowman shall overtake the reaper,
And the treader of grapes him that soweth seed;
And I will restore the captive peoples to their lands.
And Israel to his long-promised land.
And men shall build the waste cities and inhabit them.
And man shall no more be plucked up out of the land
which is his home.

On that day alone shall man inherit the earth,
And be worthy of his God.

(Copies at ten cents each may be obtained from K.A.M. Temple, 920 East 50th Street, Chicago, Illinois.)

West Dakota College . . . III

Stephen M. Corey

STUDE: You say you don't take any courses at West Dakota?

STUDENT: That's right. I didn't know what a course was until you told me.

STUDE: What do you do with your time?

STUDENT: Ever so many things,—read, talk, work, take trips, spend time in the lab, write, argue, listen to speakers, interview professors. We do anything we think will help us learn what we want to learn.

STUDE: When you do whatever you want to do isn't there a lot of loafing and fooling around?

STUDENT: Of course there is some loafing. Every year I've been at West Dakota there have been some people wasting their time.

STUDE: What did the college do?

STUDENT: Nothing. Why?

STUDE: Why, with us if students fool around and waste time the Dean calls them in and bawls 'em out plenty. Do I know!

STUDENT: After the Dean bawled you out did you get down to work?

STUDE: You bet I did. He said I'd be kicked out if I didn't, so the next semester I took a bunch of pipes and made a two-point average.

STUDENT: What do you mean a "bunch of pipes"?

STUDE: Why, easy courses, pipes, snaps,—like Comparative Literature and Educational Sociology and Music Appreciation. You just sit there and see the instructor a couple of times, fake a paper, throw the bull on a final and knock down a "B."

STUDENT: Did you learn much that time you took the "pipes"?

STUDE: I should say not. I didn't crack a book until the final. Half the time I didn't know what class I was in, only whenever the instructor lugged a Victrola in I knew it was "Music Appreciation."

STUDENT: Isn't that rather expensive?

STUDE: No! The tuition's the same no matter what courses you take.

STUDENT: Even so, don't you figure it's rather expensive to pay tuition and spend time learning nothing?

STUDE: Boy, I learned plenty that semester. I was dating a Tri Belt.

STUDENT: Were you able to get any help from your courses on that problem?

STUDE: I should say not. Courses don't have anything to do with problems like that.

Then Men May Hope

Dean M. Kelley

The snarling hornets pass;
And distance dims their drone.
And silence falls along
The path where they have flown.

The village sleeps.
But IS it sleep
Which fills the atmosphere?
For sleep is rest
And this is not;
It is the hush of fear.

But now the village stirs;
A hesitating movement breaks the pose;
As though they had forgotten how to move,
And only some could still remember.
And others, who could not, lay still
With awkward arms
And twisted legs,
Distorted bodies;
Their contortions caused by pain
Which they could feel no more.

The walls are punctuated
By the spattered chunks of lead.
In places there are splashes;
Blood which splattered from the dead.

And those whom accident had spared
Dashed erratically about,
As they tried to force their minds
Into the ordered paths of thought.

A husband found, at length—his wife.
He recognized her by the coat she wore;
It was in tatters—and the son
He hoped one day to see—now was no more.
He looked with gaze intent
Across the fields the way the raiders went.

A grim-faced matriarch
Looked up into the sky with sightless eyes
And shook her fist, grimly.
And then she bowed her head and knelt
Beside her husband lying on the ground.
She had found him where he bled,
And had only touched his shoulder
But she knew him dead.

When the hornets first had stung them
And had frozen them with dread,
There was one who hadn't frozen,
But instead had turned and fled.

She was blacksmith's baby daughter;
She went running up the lane;
When her frantic mother found her,
She lay still, beyond all pain.

Then the mother sat beside her,
And she stared with vacant frown
At the dust, and all her castles
In the air came tumbling down

And so the blows were struck . . .
As twilight fell, no family stood complete.
Each humble house had suffered loss.

And every heart was left
To set an empty place,
But love would still go searching
For some beloved face.

There is courage comes from sorrow
That has suffered all it can;
And a blinding, fiery fury
At the cruelty of man.

Can we change this fury to love?
Can we hope to cast out hate?
Can we turn the bitterness sweet
Before it is too late?

Can you ask a man to forgive
Who has lately lost his wife?
And expect a man to forget
That they took his daughter's life?

For the living love is a chain
And the abstract love a thread.
Can you make a friend of a foe
When the living love is dead?

For now there are too many flaws in man.
Through ages he has yielded to his false desire:
His greed for wealth,
His love of self,
His lust for power;
These faults have made the modern man
The animal we see him now.
And socially he's worse than when alone.
He bands together with his fellows
For the sake of self-protection.
And the unit formed, the nation,
From its citizens demands allegiance,
Putting from their hearts all toleration.

And, for preservation of the state,
All "minor," "personal" virtues are discarded.

The nation is an arbitrary boundary:
The races are but accidentally different:
We are one brotherhood on earth . . . or *should* be!

But what can generations do
Where centuries have failed?
How can we hope to triumph
Where the saints have not prevailed?

As long as there are men who hear
And follow love's clear call;
Then men may hope to bring on earth
The brotherhood of all.

As long as there are men who lead
Their struggling brothers on,
Men still may reach their goal of peace
Though we ourselves be gone.

But all their love cannot avail
Against the ages' wrath:
They cannot find the way to peace
If we destroy the path.

The time is now, it rests with us,
In God we place our trust.
In order that our sons may live,
What men can do, we must!

Experiencing Brotherhood

Harvey F. Baty

I used to believe in world brotherhood because it was "right."

All men, I realized, are fundamentally alike.

To treat them as brothers was just; it was the *sane* thing to do.

Then, as I saw the world torn apart—with race hatred being stirred
to violent levels—I knew that we must find some more cohesive,
all-inclusive faith to hold the world together.

The cultivation of brotherhood became imperative,

It was the *safe* thing to do.

Now, as the passing years have added men of every race and nation
and creed to my circle of intimate friends, there
finally dawns upon my consciousness the realization
that the practice of brotherhood is also
the most *satisfying* thing to do.

Years ago I hardly expected this,

But now that my own experience proves it true

I wonder why I didn't think of it before!

Before, I thought, "Your gain is my loss—this will cost me something."

So it seemed, because I did not know

the Universe wasn't built that way.

I did not know that "He that would save his life must
lose it—but he that will give his life will find it—richer."

I could not understand

because I wanted to be master—I wanted to have slaves.

Not those that I would buy and own,

But those I'd get for nothing.

They would be bound to me because they feared to face the world

And I could face it for them, or

They would be devoted to a cause which I would represent.

I wanted slaves.

And not until I freed them in my mind

Did I find freedom—for myself.

Not until I ceased to use my fellowmen for my security

Did I feel secure.

And now—It is not my cause but our cause

It is not my success but our success

It is not my security but our security.

Paths That Lead to the Same Summit

Some Observations on Comparative Religion

Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

"There is no Natural Religion. . . . As all men are alike (though infinitely various), so all Religions, as all similars, have one source"

—William Blake

THE constant increase of contacts between ourselves, who for the purposes of the present article may be assumed to be Christians, and other peoples who belong to the great non-Christian majority has made it more than ever before an urgent necessity for us to understand the faiths by which they live. Such an understanding is at the same time intrinsically to be desired, and indispensable for the solution by agreement of the economic and political problems by which the peoples of the world are at present more divided than united. We cannot establish human relationships with other peoples if we are convinced of our own superiority or superior wisdom, and only want to convert them to our way of thinking. The modern Christian, who thinks of the world as his parish, is faced with the painful necessity of becoming himself a citizen of the world; he is invited to participate in a symposium and a convivium; not to preside, for there is Another who presides unseen, but as one of many guests.

It is no longer only for the professed missionary that a study of other religions than his own is required. This very article, for example, is based upon an address given last year to a large group of schoolteachers in a series entitled "How to Teach About Other Peoples," sponsored by the New York School Board and the East and West Association. It has, too, been proposed that in all the schools and universities of the postwar world stress should be laid on the teaching of the basic principles of the great world religions as a means of promoting international understanding and developing a concept of world-citizenship.

The question next arises, By whom can such teaching be properly given? It will be self-evident that no one can have understood, and so be qualified to teach, a religion, who is opposed to all religion; this will rule out the rationalist and scientific humanist, and ultimately all those whose conception of religion is not theological, but merely ethical. The obvious ideal would be for the great religions to be taught only by those who confess them; but this is an ideal that could only be realized, for the present, in our larger universities. It has been proposed to establish a school of this kind at Oxford.

As things are, a teaching about other than Christian faiths is mainly given in theological seminaries and missionary colleges by men who do believe that Christianity is the only true faith, who approve of Foreign Missions, and who wish to prepare the missionary for his work. Under these conditions, the study of Comparative Religion necessarily assumes a character quite different from

that of other disciplines; it cannot but be biased. It is obvious that if we are to teach at all it should be our intention to communicate only truth: but where a teaching takes for granted that the subject matter to be dealt with is intrinsically of inferior significance, and the subject is taught, not *con amore*, but only to instruct the future schoolmaster in the problems that he will have to cope with, one cannot but suspect that at least a part of the truth will be suppressed, if not intentionally, at least unknowingly.

If Comparative Religion is to be taught as other sciences are taught, the teacher must surely have recognized that his own religion is only one of those that are to be "compared"; he may not expound any "pet theories" of his own, but is to present the truth without bias, to the extent that it lies in his power. In other words, it will be "necessary to recognize that those institutions which are based on the same premises, let us say the supernatural, must be considered together, our own amongst the rest," whereas "today, whether it is a question of imperialism, or of race prejudice, or of a comparison between Christianity and paganism, we are still preoccupied with the uniqueness . . . of our own institutions and achievements, our own civilization" (Ruth Benedict). One cannot but ask whether the Christian whose conviction is ineradicable that his is the only true faith can conscientiously permit himself to expound another religion, knowing that he cannot do so honestly.

WE are, then, in proposing to teach about other peoples, faced with the problem of tolerance. The word is not a pretty one; to tolerate is to put up with, endure or suffer the existence of what are or appear to be other ways of thinking than our own; and it is neither very pleasant merely "to put up with" our neighbors and fellow guests, nor very pleasant to feel that one's own deepest intuitions and beliefs are being patiently "endured." Moreover, if the Western world is actually more tolerant today than it was some centuries ago, or has been since the Fall of Rome, it is largely because men are no longer sure that there is any truth of which we can be certain, and are inclined to the "democratic" belief that one man's opinion is as good as another's, especially in the fields of politics, art or religion. Tolerance, then, is a merely negative virtue, demanding no sacrifice of spiritual pride and involving no abrogation of our sense of superiority; it can be commended only in so far as it means that we shall refrain from hating or persecuting others who differ or seem to differ from ourselves in habit or belief. Tolerance still allows us to pity those who differ from ourselves, and are consequently to be pitied!

Tolerance, carried further, implies indifference, and becomes intolerable. Our proposal is not that we should tol-

erate heresies, but rather come to some agreement about the truth. Our proposition is that the proper objective of an education in Comparative Religion should be to enable the pupil to discuss with other believers the validity of particular doctrines,* leaving the problem of the truth or falsity, superiority or inferiority, of whole bodies of doctrine in abeyance until we have had at least an opportunity to know in what respects they really differ from one another, and whether in essentials or in accidentals. We take it for granted, of course, that they will inevitably differ accidentally, since "nothing can be known except in the mode of the knower." One must at least have been taught to recognize equivalent symbols, e.g., rose and lotus (*Rosa Mundi* and *Padmavati*); that Soma is the "bread and water of life"; or that the Maker of all things is by no means accidentally, but necessarily a "carpenter" wherever the material of which the world is made is *hylē*. The proposed objective has this further and immediate advantage, that it is not in conflict with even the most rigid Christian orthodoxy; it has never been denied that some truths are embodied in the pagan beliefs, and even St. Thomas Aquinas was ready and willing to find in the works of the pagan philosophers "extrinsic and probable proofs" of the truths of Christianity. He was, indeed, acquainted only with the ancients and with some Arabians; but there is no reason why the modern Christian, if his mental equipment is adequate, should not learn to recognize or be delighted to find in, let us say Vedantic, Sufi, Taoist or American Indian formulations extrinsic and probable proofs of the truth as he knows it. It is more than probable, indeed, that his contacts with other believers will be of very great advantage to the Christian student in his exegesis and understanding of Christian doctrine; for though himself a believer, this is in spite of the nominalist intellectual environment in which he was born and bred, and by which he cannot but be to some degree affected; while the Oriental (to whom the miracles attributed to Christ present no problem) is still a realist, born and bred in a realistic environment, and is therefore in a position to approach Plato or St. John, Dante or Meister Eckhart more simply and directly than the Western scholar who cannot but have been affected to some extent by the doubts and difficulties that force themselves upon those whose education and environment have been for the greater part profane.

Such a procedure as we have suggested provides us immediately with a basis for a common understanding and for cooperation. What we have in view is an ultimate "reunion of the churches" in a far wider sense than that in which this expression is commonly employed: the substitution of active alliances—let us say of Christianity and Hinduism or Islam, on the basis of commonly recognized first principles, and with a view to an effective cooperation in the application of these principles to the contingent fields of art (manufacture) and prudence—for what is at present nothing better than a civil war between the members of one human family, children of one and the same God "whom," as Philo said, "*with one accord* all Greeks and Barbarians acknowledge together." It is with

reference to this statement that Professor Goodenough remarks that, "So far as I can see Philo was telling the simple truth about paganism as he saw it, not as Christian propaganda has ever since misrepresented it."

It need not be concealed that such alliances will necessarily involve an abandonment of all missionary enterprises such as they are now; interdenominational conferences will take the place of those proselytizing expeditions of which the only permanent result is the secularization and destruction of existing cultures and the pulling up of individuals by their roots. We have already reached the point at which culture and religion, utility and meaning, have been divorced and can be considered apart, but this is not true of those peoples whom we propose to convert, whose religion and culture are *one and the same thing* and none of the functions of life are necessarily profane or unprincipled. If ever you should succeed in persuading the Hindus that their revealed scriptures are valid only "as literature," you will have reduced them to the level of your own college men who read the Bible, if at all, only as literature. Christianity in India, as Sister Nivedita (Patrick Geddes' distinguished pupil, and author of *The Web of Indian Life*) once remarked, "carries drunkenness in its wake,"—for if you teach a man that what he has thought right is wrong, he will be apt to think that what he has thought wrong is right.

We are all alike in need of repentance and conversion, a "change of mind" and a "turning round": not, however, from one *form* of belief to another, but from unbelief to belief. There can be no more vicious kind of tolerance than to approach another man, to tell him that "We are both serving the same God, you in your way and I in His"! The "compassing of sea and land to make one proselyte" can be carried on as an institution only for so long as our ignorance of other peoples' faiths persists. The subsidizing of educational or medical services accessory to the primary purpose of conversion is a form of simony and an infringement of the instruction, "Heal the sick . . . provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey . . . (but go) forth as sheep in the midst of wolves." Wherever you go, it must be not as masters or superiors but as guests, or as we might say nowadays, "exchange professors"; you must not return to betray the confidences of your hosts by any libel. Your vocation must be purged of any notion of a "civilizing mission"; for what you think of as "the white man's burden" here is a matter of "white shadows in the South Seas" there. Your "Christian" civilization is

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*To illustrate what I mean by "discussion" here, I refer the reader to my article entitled "On Being in One's Right Mind," published in the *Review of Religion*, Vol. VII, New York, 1942, pp. 32-40. Although in fact by one author, this article is in effect a product of the collaboration of Christian, Platonist and Hindu, expounding a doctrine held in common.

ending in disaster—and you are bold enough to offer it to others! Realize that, as Professor Plumer has said, “the surest way to betray our Chinese allies is to sell, give or lend-lease them our [American] standard of living,” and that the hardest task you could undertake for the present and immediate future is to convince the Orient that the civilization of Europe is in any sense a Christian civilization, or that there really are reasonable, just and tolerable Europeans amongst the “barbarians” of whom the Orient lives in terror.

The word “heresy” means choice, the having opinions of one’s own, and thinking what we *like* to think: we can only grasp its real meaning today, when “thinking for oneself” is so highly recommended (with the proviso that the thinking must be “hundred per cent”), if we realize that the modern equivalent of heresy is “treason.” The one outstanding, and perhaps the only, real heresy of modern Christianity in the eyes of other believers is its claim to exclusive truth; for this is treason against Him who “never left himself without a witness,” and can only be paralleled by Peter’s denial of Christ; and whoever says to his pagan friends that “the light that is in you is darkness,” in offending these is offending the Father of lights. In view of St. Ambrose’s well known gloss on I Corinthians 12:3, “all that is true, *by whomsoever it has been said*, is from the Holy Ghost” (a dictum endorsed by St. Thomas Aquinas), you may be asked, “On what grounds do you propose to distinguish between your own ‘revealed’ religion and our ‘natural’ religion, for which, in fact, we also claim a supernatural origin?” You may find this question hard to answer.

The claim to an exclusive validity is by no means calculated to make for the survival of Christianity in a world prepared to prove all things. On the contrary, it may weaken enormously its prestige in relation to other traditions in which a very different attitude prevails, and which are under no necessity of engaging in any polemic. As a great German theologian has said, “the formation of humanity (*Menschheitsbildung*) is a unitary whole, and its various cultures are the dialects of one and the same language of the spirit” (Alfred Jeremias). The quarrel of Christianity with other religions seems to an Oriental as much a tactical error in the conflict of ideal with sensate motivations as it would be for the Allies to turn against the Chinese on the battlefield today. Nor will he participate in such a quarrel; much rather he will say, what I have often said to Christian friends, “Even if you are not on our side, we are on yours.” The converse attitude is rarely expressed; but twice in my life I have met a Roman Catholic who could freely admit that for a Hindu to become a professing Christian was not essential to salvation. Yet, could we believe it, the Truth or Justice with which we are all alike and unconditionally concerned is like the Round Table to which “al the worlde crysten and hethen repayren” to eat of one and the same bread and drink the same wine, and at which “all are equal, the high and the low.”

LET us now, for a moment, consider the points of view that have been expressed by the ancients and other non-Christians when they speak of other religions than their own. We have already quoted Philo. Plutarch, first with bitter irony disposing of the Greek euhemerists “who

spread atheism all over the world by obliterating the Gods of our belief and turning them all alike into the names of generals, admirals and kings,” and of the Greeks who could no longer distinguish Apollo (the intelligible Sun) from Helios (the sensible sun), goes on to say: “Nor do we speak of the ‘different Gods’ of different peoples, or of the Gods as ‘Barbarian’ and ‘Greek,’ but as common to all, though differently named by different peoples, so that for the One Reason (Logos) that orders all these things, and the One Providence that oversees them, and for the minor powers [i.e., gods, angels] that are appointed to care for all things, there have arisen among different peoples different epithets and services, according to their different manners and customs.” Apuleius recognizes that the Egyptian Isis (our Mother Nature and Madonna, Natura Naturans, Creatrix, Deus) “is adored throughout the world in divers manners, in variable customs and by many names.”

The Musalman Emperor of India, Jahangir, writing of his friend and teacher the Hindu hermit Jadrup, says that “his Vedanta is the same as our Tasawwuf”: and, in fact, Northern India abounds in a type of religious literature in which it is often difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish Musalman from Hindu factors. The indifference of religious forms is indeed, as Professor Nicholson remarks, “a cardinal Sufi doctrine.” So we find Ibn al ‘Arabi saying:

My heart is capable of every form: it is a pasture for gazelles and a convent for Christian monks,
And idol-temple and the pilgrim’s Ka’ba (Mecca), and the tables of the Torah and the book of the Koran;
I follow the religion of Love, whichever way his camels take; my religion and my faith is the true religion.

That is to say that you and I, whose religions are distinguishable, can each of us say that “Mine is the true religion” and to one another that “yours is the true religion”—whether or not either or both of us be truly religious depending not upon the form of our religion but upon ourselves and on grace. So, too, Shams-i-Tabriz:

If the notion of my Beloved is to be found in an idol-temple,
’Twere mortal sin to circumscribe the Ka’ba!
The Ka’ba is but a church if there His trace be lost:
My Ka’ba is whatever “church” in which His trace is found!

We have the word of Christ himself that he came to call, not the just, but sinners (Matt. 9:13). What can we make out of that, but that as St. Justin said, “God is the Word of whom the whole human race are partakers, and those who lived according to Reason are Christians even though accounted atheists . . . Socrates and Heracleitus, and of the barbarians Abraham and many others.” So, too, Meister Eckhart, greatest of the Christian mystics, speaks of Plato (whom the Muhammadan Jili saw in a vision “filling the world with light”) as “that great priest,” and as having “found the way ere ever Christ was born.” Was St. Augustine wrong when he affirmed that “the very thing that is now called the Christian religion was not wanting amongst the ancients from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh, after which the true religion, which already existed,

began to be called 'Christian'?" Had he not retracted these brave words, the blood-stained history of Christianity might have been otherwise written!

We have come to think of religion, not so much as a doctrine about God, as a set of rules of conduct, not a doctrine about what we should *be*, but of what we ought to *do*; and because there is necessarily an element of contingency, and adaptation to local conditions, in every application of principles to particular cases, we have come to believe that theory differs as practice must. This confusion of necessary means with transcendent ends (as if the vision of God could be earned by works) has had unfortunate results for Christianity, both at home and abroad. It is mainly because religion has been offered to modern men in nauseatingly sentimental terms ("Be good sweet child," etc.), and no longer as an intellectual challenge, that so many have been revolted, thinking that *that* "is all there is to" religion. Such an emphasis on ethics (and, incidentally, forgetfulness that Christian doctrine has as much to do with art, i.e. manufacture, making, what and how, as it has to do with behavior) plays into the skeptic's hands; for the desirability and convenience of the social virtues is such and so evident that it is felt that if that *is* all that religion means, Why bring in a God to sanction forms of conduct of which no one denies the propriety? Why indeed?* At the same time this excessive emphasis upon the moral and neglect of the intellectual virtues (which last alone, in orthodox Christian teaching, are held to survive our dissolution) invites the retorts of the rationalists who maintain that religion has never been anything but a means of drugging the lower classes and keeping them quiet.

Against all that, the severe intellectual discipline that any serious study of Eastern, or even "primitive," religion and philosophy demands can serve as a useful corrective. The task of cooperation in the field of Comparative Religion is one that demands the highest possible qualifications; if we cannot give our best to the task, it would be safer not to undertake it. The time is fast coming when it will be as necessary for the man who is to be called "educated" to know either Arabic, Sanskrit or Chinese as it is now for him to read Latin, Greek or Hebrew. And this, above all, in the case of those who are to teach about other peoples' faiths; for existing translations are often in many different ways inadequate, and if we are to know whether or not it is true that all believing men have hitherto worshipped and still worship one and the same God, whether by his English, Latin, Arabic, Chinese or Navajo names, one must have searched the scriptures of the world—never forgetting that *sine desiderio mens non intelligit*.

Nor may we undertake these activities of instruction with ulterior motives: as in all other educational activities, so here the teacher's effort must be directed to the interest and advantage of the pupil himself, not that he may do good, but that he may be good. The dictum that "charity begins at home" is by no means necessarily a cynicism: it rather takes for granted that to do good is

only possible when we are good, and that if we are good we shall do good, whether by action or inaction, speech or silence. It is sound Christian doctrine that a man must first have known and loved himself, his inner man, before he loves his neighbor.

IT is, then, the pupil who comes first in our conception of the teaching of Comparative Religion. He will be astounded by the effect upon his understanding of Christian doctrine that can be induced by the recognition of similar doctrines stated in another language and by means of what are to him strange or even grotesque figures of thought. In the following of the *vestigia pedis*, the soul "in hot pursuit of her quarry, Christ," he will recognize an idiom of the language of the spirit that has come down to us from the hunting cultures of the Stone Age; a cannibal philosophy in that of the Eucharist and the Soma sacrifice; and the doctrine of the "seven rays" of the intelligible Sun in that of the Seven Gifts of the Spirit and in the "seven eyes" of the Apocalyptic Lamb and of Cuchullain. He may find himself far less inclined than he is now to recoil from Christ's harder sayings, or those of St. Paul on the "sundering of soul from spirit." If he balks at the command to hate, not merely his earthly relatives but, "yea, and his own soul also," and prefers the milder version of AV. where "life" replaces "soul," or if he would like to interpret in a merely ethical sense the command to "deny himself," although the word that is rendered by "deny" means "utterly reject"; if he now begins to realize that the "soul" is of the dust that returns to the dust when the spirit returns to God who gave it, and that equally for Hebrew and Arabic theologians this "soul" (*nefesh, nafs*) imports that carnal "individuality" of which the Christian mystics are thinking when they say that "the soul must put itself to death"; or that our existence (distinguishing *esse* from *essentia*, *genesis* from *ousia*, *bhu* from *as*) is a crime; and if he correlates all these ideas with the Islamic and Indian exhortation to "die before you die" and with St. Paul's "I live, yet *not I*," then he may be less inclined to read into Christian doctrine any promise of eternal life for any "soul" that has been concreated with the body,—and better equipped to show that the spiritualists' "proofs" of the survival of human personality, however valid, have no religious bearing whatever. Nor is this a one-sided transaction; it would not be easy to exaggerate the alteration that can be brought about in the Hindu's or Buddhist's estimate of Christianity when the opportunity is given him to come into closer contact with the quality of thought that led Vincent of Beauvais to speak of Christ's "ferocity" and Dante to marvel at "the multitude of teeth with which this Love bites." "Some contemplate one Name, and some another? Which of these is the best? All are eminent clues to the transcendent, immortal, unembodied Brahma: these Names are to be contemplated, lauded, and at last denied. For by them one rises higher and higher in these worlds; but where all comes to its end, there he attains to the Unity of the Person" (*Maitri Upanishad*). Whoever knows this text, but nothing of Western technique, will assuredly be moved by a sympathetic understanding when he learns that the Christian also follows a *via affirmativa* and a *via remotionis*! Whoever has been taught a

(Continued on page 35)

*The answer can be given in the words of Christopher Dawson: "for when once morality has been deprived of its religious and metaphysical foundations, it inevitably becomes subordinated to lower ends." As he also says the need for a restoration of the ethics of vocation has become the central problem of society,—"vocation" being that station of life to which it has pleased God to call us, and not the "job" to which our own ambitions drive.

Opportunities for Service

OVER one-half of the world's population is confronted today with such complete devastation, such utter despair and misery that it has become trite to speak of suffering. Suffering is an accepted fact as it lives side by side, hour by hour with these peoples.

In the face of this comes the passionate desire on the part of many young people to rebuild, to regenerate the broken foundations of our world. With increasing disillusionment as to the political consequences of the war, we want more than ever to learn what we can do toward the building of a peace which will endure.

Much of this suffering is going on in our own country and it is here that American college students can work this summer helping to reconstruct the lives and hopes of others as well as maturing and enriching their own lives. It is the aim of *motive* to help students find the place they can best serve in summer service.

National Conference Projects

The National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee, has expanded its service program this year to include six projects. The first is a work camp held in connection with Adrian College, Adrian, Michigan, from July 25 to September 1. The work will include community surveys among the migrant workers in Adrian and study of how the church can best meet the need of industrial migrants in wartime. It is the only project listed here which offers academic credit. A maximum of six hours in sociology or religion are allowed. The cost will be \$36. For further information write Dr. Harvey Seifert, Adrian College, Adrian, Michigan, or the National Conference.

PINE BROOK work camp is a farm of 86 acres in a beautiful section of southern Michigan, and is especially good for those interested in a rural, Christian, cooperative community. College students will act as leaders in the camp which offers play, work and study for boys and girls from nearby metropolitan areas. All work campers will receive room and board and some may be able to earn a little in addition. For more information write Rev. Owen Geer, director, 5144 Horger, Dearborn, Michigan, or the National Conference. The date is June 17-August 25.

A SCHOOL FOR EVANGELISM will be held this summer, July 2-21, at Pascagoula, Mississippi, with Rev. James Chubb of the Commission on Evangelism as director. The city has been swelled from 3,000 to 12,000 by the ship building industry and an opportunity will be provided to work with children, youth, and adults of the area who have no opportunity for religious experience at the present time. Room and board will be provided. For more information write the National Conference.

THE CHICAGO COMMUNITY SERVICE PROJECT (July 3-August 12) will center its work in Chicago's southwest side. The work will be carried on through the regular

churches and social agencies of that area. The group will consist of 15 or 20 campers of different races who will live and work at such places as Hull House and the Commons.

Room and board will be furnished, but each camper will be asked to pay \$10 for expenses common to the project. A few travel scholarships will be available. Write for more information to the Commission on World Peace, 740 Rush St., Chicago 11, Illinois, or the National Conference.

THE PHILADELPHIA WORK CAMP will be located in St. Thomas Methodist Church, July 17-August 26, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. Henry Nichols. The church is located in the center of a new defense housing area for Negroes and the project will be the development of a playground for children. The cost is \$40. For more information write the National Conference.

THE DENVER WORK CAMP, June 15-September 1, will be located about 35 miles from Denver in the heart of the mountains. It is a camp for Negro, Spanish, Japanese and Caucasian boys from 9-16 years of age. There is need for only four or five men as counselors. The cost is \$50. Write the National Conference.

Methodist Youth Caravans

The Methodist Youth Caravans offer men and women students with at least two years of college and experience in local church work a summer of Christian fellowship and service. Again this year six training camps have been set up in different parts of the country to equip the Caravans for their work. Location of the camps and their dates will be as follows:

East

June 10-17 Epworth Forest, Leesburg, Indiana
17-24 Lake Junaluska, North Carolina
24-July 1 Camp Innabah, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

West

June 10-17 Glenlake Methodist Assembly, Glenrose, Texas
17-24 Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa
July 1-8 Monte Toyon, Aptof, California (near Santa Cruz)

After one week of training, caravaners will be divided into teams which will be assigned to areas near the training center. Each team will work in seven different communities, one week at each, leading the local young people in worship, world friendship, community service and recreation.

A caravaner may choose his own training camp and he will be responsible for transportation to the camp and home from the last place on his itinerary. The only other expense to caravaners will be personal incidentals. For more information and application write Youth Caravans, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee.

F.O.R. Sponsors Two Inter-racial Camps

The Southern office of the Fellowship of Reconciliation will lead two inter-racial work camps this summer, one in Nashville and the other near Clinton, Mississippi.

The former will work in a Negro social center in the city. This project will be carried on during the month of July.

The latter will do construction work on a summer camp for Negro children. The dates are August 1-31. David and Beth Bender will be the directors. The cost for each camp will be \$4.50 a week for room and board plus incidental expenses. For more information write the F.O.R. at 1804 Grand Ave., Nashville 2, Tennessee.

AFSC Offers Work and Study

Realizing the many needs of a shifting, torn world the American Friends Service Committee has planned an extensive list of summer projects for 1944. Scholarship aid is available for some outstanding students. College credit has been earned by some students in past summers. If you are interested in applying or wish further information write to Summer Projects, 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania. Here are some of the opportunities for college students:

West Coast—Work Camps

1. Los Angeles, Calif. June 23—August 18. 15 to 20 men and women. Located in neighborhood Center in the heart of the inter-racial area. Group will work on repair and construction at the Center, and carry on recreational programs in high delinquency areas. Fee: \$75.

2. Tracy, Calif. July 15-Sept. 1. A rural camp where the younger workers engage in agricultural labor but live in work camp style and engage in study, discussion and recreational leadership in a growing community. Fee: \$5 plus cooperative living costs.

3. San Francisco, Calif. July 10-August 27. An inter-racial church offers to 20 young people a summer of intensive study and work in race relations. Emphasis will be on non-violent philosophy and techniques; recreational training and leadership for children of Negro, Filipino, Chinese, and Caucasian backgrounds; experience in carpentry and construction. Howard Thurman, co-pastor of the church, and Caleb Foote, F.O.R. secretary, will be on the staff. Group will live cooperatively. Fee: \$75.

Institutes of International Relations

1. Mills College, Oakland, Calif. June 18-28. Fee: \$10 tuition.

2. Reed College, Portland, Oregon. June 9-16.

3. Seattle, Washington. June 11-21. (Extra location to be announced)

4. Whittier College, Whittier, Calif. June 29-July 9.

Central and Southern Areas—Institutes of International Relations

1. Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. June 19-28.

2. Women's College, Greensboro, N. C. June 15-22. Theme: "World Organization for Enduring Peace."

3. Friends University, Wichita, Kansas. June 13-22. Fee: \$12.50 tuition. Special student rates. Theme: "Imperative to Permanent Peace."

4. Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. June 5-15. Fee: \$12.50 tuition. Theme: "Conditions for an Enduring Peace."

Work Camps

1. Nashville, Tennessee. June 23-August 18. 20 men and women. At the invitation of the Social Service Department of Fisk University, the Work Camp Committee is holding a camp in Nashville to help with the reconditioning of several Settlement Center Buildings. The University is rapidly becoming a center for information about racial tensions and training for service in the field of inter-racial relations. In addition, the camp will spend part of its time in Whiteville, Tennessee, in an area in

which Fisk University places teachers and social work trainees. This will have the opportunity to work in and understand both the rural and urban problems of southern Negroes.

2. Indianapolis, Indiana. June 23-August 18. 20 men and women of college age. For the third year, the summer group will assist the year-round work camp at Flanner House, a community center for Negroes. This work camp, located in connection with this pioneering type of community center program, provides unusual experience for those expecting to have a vocation of social work.

3. Hindman Settlement School, Knott County, Kentucky. June 23-August 18. 12 men and women. The campers will live in the buildings of the settlement school and will cooperate with the Knott County Public School Board in the rehabilitation of school houses.

4. Chicago, Ill. June 23-August 18. 12 men and women. The work camp will be located in South Chicago in a Negro community where the very high percentage of home owners is anxious to undertake a program of self-help cooperative home improvement for themselves and for their neighborhood.

East Coast—Institutes of International Relations

1. Cazenovia College, Cazenovia, N. Y. August 1-10. Fee: \$30. Theme: "Peace Terms."

2. Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. June 2-29. Attendance limited to 150. Fee: \$35 (includes room and board). Theme: "Cost of Abiding Peace."

3. Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa. June 23-July 2. Fee: \$37.50. Theme: "From War to Peace."

Caravans

1. Pittsburgh, Pa. June 23-August 11. 6 women. Three members will do peace education work in Western Pennsylvania; three will provide leadership in the field of international and race relations in church conferences and camps for young people over the State. Sponsor: Rev. Raymond D. Custer. Training at Bryn Mawr Institute. Fee: \$75.

2. Syracuse, N. Y. June 23-August 11. 6-8 men and women. Training at Bryn Mawr Institute. Will furnish leadership and promote discussion on problems of peacemaking, in youth institutes and conferences across the State. Sponsor: Norman Whitney and Syracuse Peace Council.

Student in Industry Group

Philadelphia. June 16-September 2. 20 persons. Opportunity for students of economics and sociology to actually work in industry under regular working conditions during the day and to discuss the day's problems in the evening under competent leadership. Each student must secure his own job which is part of this industrial experience. It is expected that jobs will be sought in non-defense industries. Discussions and conferences will be arranged with employers and union leaders. The group will live in one of the Settlement Houses in Philadelphia and all members will be expected to share in the housekeeping responsibilities. This project is conducted jointly by the Social-Industrial Section and the Social Order Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

MEXICO

Tetecala, Morelos: Year-round project. Unit of women and one couple assisting doctors and nurses in clinics, community recreating, gardening, homecrafts. Women needed who can participate in project for several months.

Miacatlan, Morelos: Year-round project. Men and women. Building outdoor toilets in hookworm control project, community program of recreation, gardening, bee-raising. 6 high school boys can be used during summer.

Laguna Area, Coahuila: June 25-August 8. Unit of 12 women and one couple. Will work in rural areas organizing recreation programs, training leaders and meeting other opportunities for usefulness in community. Mexico City sightseeing and

educational program after August 8. Fees: \$90 for summer; \$35 per month for those staying 3 to 6 months; \$30 per month after 6 and up to 12 months. This does not include transportation.

To Counsel High School Youth

Unitarian work camps for youth will be conducted this summer at Kent City, Michigan, Concord, Massachusetts, and Milton, New York, during July and August. These camps are for high school students, but college students will be used as counselors. If you are interested in inter-racial, inter-faith farm labor work camps and wish to serve in positions of leadership, write to Unitarian Youth Workcamps, 25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Massachusetts.

Laboratories in Human Relations

Two units of the Lisle Fellowship will again be held this summer. The Eastern unit, at Lisle, New York, will be held June 7-July 19. The western unit, at Lookout Mountain, Colorado, will be held July 21-September 1.

These practical laboratories in human relations and social experiences are pointing to new methods for religious training

through work camps. In each of the units community as well as world fellowship will be stressed.

For more complete description of the 1944 Fellowships write DeWitt Baldwin, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City 11.

School of Living

THE School of Living, Suffern, New York, offers three fifteen-day sessions this summer for training in decentralization. Accommodations are available for twelve students.

The first session is the "Homesteaders' Course," July 7-22, for those wishing information about acquiring and developing land and practicing cooperative production and exchange.

The second session is the "Adult Educators' Course," August 5-19, for church and other community leaders who wish to study goals and methods in applying cooperative decentralist principles to planning and action in family and community.

The third session is the "Advance Decentralist Course," September 2-16, for those who wish to become leaders of the decentralist movement, in an effort to build a cooperative, decentralist society in an increasingly centralized, totalitarian world. All expenses for one term is \$25.

For more information write Ralph T. Templin, director, at the School of Living, Suffern, New York.

Paths That Lead to the Same Summit

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doctrine of "liberation from the pairs of opposites" (past and future, pleasure and pain, etc., the Symplegades of "folklore") will be stirred by Nicolas of Cusa's description of the wall of Paradise wherein God dwells as "built of contradictories," and by Dante's of what lies beyond this wall as "not in space, nor hath it poles" but "where every where and every when is focussed." We all need to realize, with Hesiod, that "When God is our teacher, we come to think alike."

For there are as many of these Hindus and Buddhists whose knowledge of Christianity and of the greatest Christian writers is virtually nil, as there are Christians, equally learned, whose real knowledge of any other religion but their own is virtually nil, because they have never imagined what it might be to *live* these other faiths. Just as there can be no real knowledge of a language if we have never even imaginatively participated in the activities to which the language refers, so there can be no real knowledge of any "life" that one has not in some measure lived. The greatest of modern Indian saints actually practiced Christian and Islamic disciplines, that is, worshipped Christ and Allah, and found that all led to the same goal: he could speak from experience of the equal validity of all these "ways," and feel the same respect for each, while still preferring for himself the one to which his whole being was naturally attuned by nativity, temperament and training. What a loss it would have been to his countrymen and to the world, and even to Christianity, if he had "become a Christian"! There are many paths that lead to the summit of one and the same mountain; their differences will be the more apparent the lower down we are, but vanish at the peak; each will naturally take the one that starts from the point at which he finds himself; he who goes round about the mountain looking for another is not climbing. Never let us approach another believer to ask him to become "one of US," but approach him with respect as one who is al-

ready "one of HIS," who IS, and from whose invariable beauty all contingent being depends!

The following books are commended to the reader's attention:

- Sister Nivedita, *Lambs Among Wolves* (1903) and *The Web of Indian Life* (1904 or later editions)
- Demetra Vaka, *Haremlik* (1911)
- Paul Radin, *Primitive Man as Philosopher* (1927)
- Father W. Schmidt, *The High Gods of North America* (1933) and *Origin and Growth of Religion* (2nd ed. 1935)
- Lord Raglan, *The Hero* (1936)
- Aldous Huxley, *Ends and Means* (1937)
- René Guénon, *East and West* (1941) and *Crisis of the Modern World* (1942)
- Marco Pallis, *Peaks and Lamas* (1941)
- R. St. Barbe Baker, *Africa Drums* (1942)
- Swami Nikhilananda, *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna* (1942)
- K. N. Chadwick, *Poetry and Prophecy* (1942)
- A. K. Coomaraswamy, *Hinduism and Buddhism* (1943)

Johnny Wisconsin

(Continued from page 8)

he belonged to Wisconsin with one of his selves. But there was the other Martin, too. The Martin who was hankering after a game where money didn't matter, where nothing mattered, where you had no responsibility, where you relaxed from relaxation, where time was an empty hoop rolling, where you simply floated along.

Johnny greeted his relief and reached for his headgear. Boy, would he kick up his heels and get below to that game! He held the phones a minute, pulled them close to his ears. Dreamy old Sullivan, on the aft lookout, was singing. Johnny listened a moment. And immediately he knew he had made a mistake. There it was. "Let's get lost, lost in each other's arms."

Johnny's keyed-up body went limp. He took off the phones and handed them to his friend almost in a daze. He felt like bawling. The whole darned world was so far away. And suddenly everything mattered. He trudged up the catwalk, and darkness closed around him.

Why Are We Religious?

Thomas S. Kepler

Religious JOHN DEWEY has discriminated between "a religion" and a "religibus" person. He views a religion as a set or body of doctrines and practices related to some type of institutional organization: he discerns a *religious* person as one who has found adjustment, orientation or integration with his environment. A religion helps a person to have a religious experience if the beliefs of that religion are intellectually acceptable and thus offer a drive to a person's religious living. When the beliefs of an established religion become outmoded and thus not intellectually acceptable by a person, a religion may be a weakening factor in developing a person's religious adjustment.

In particular a person wants adjustment to four aspects of his environment: (1) To himself; (2) to his fellowmen; (3) to the world of nature; (4) to God. The more he finds his integration with these factors in his living, the more religious he really is. To be religious, people must possess a religion which they do not worry about saving through ecclesiastical systems or theological doctrines, mainly because such an inner religious experience saves them: the doctrines and ecclesiastical orders have value (and they do have much value for most of us) when they "speak to" or defend man's religious attitudes. If a person is *religious* it means that he has "a religion which he will not need to defend, because it defends him, or laboriously carry, because it carries him, no longer weight to him but wings!"

A person is not necessarily religious when he is philosophizing about the nature of the universe: as long as he asks questions about the idea of God, immortality, evil, prayer, or the purpose of living he is merely playing with *philosophy*. Philosophy theorizes; it compares the intellectual value of religious ideas with one another. However, when a person comes to a philosophic conclusion whereby he says one set of religious ideas is superior to the other systems of religious ideas, and adds that he thereby will accept that set of ideas for his living, he has become *intellectually religious*!

Several years ago Professor Charles Braden of Northwestern University sent a questionnaire to a large number of people of various educational and denominational backgrounds, asking them why they were religious. He listed sixty-five

possible reasons as to why a person might be religious. Here are some of the results of his inquiry: The last (65th) reason for being religious was because of *fear*; "religion gives me peace" ranked 25th; "religion assures me of an after life" was 39th; "religion brings me comfort" was in 18th place; being religious because "of habit" was 59th; because "religion stands for social justice" obtained 36th place; "religion brings contentment" ranked 25th.

AMONG the answers which led the poll were these: (1) Religion gives meaning to life; (2) it helps in times of stress; (3) it motivates human kindness; (4) it stimulates one to better things; (5) it furnishes one with a moral ideal; (6) it compels one through observation to believe in a Supreme Being and to worship Him. Certainly, these were admirable motives for being religious!

Let us look at each of these reasons more carefully: (1) Religion *does* give meaning to life. It keeps inspiring one to live for the best, instead of allowing one to feel life as a heavy burden. In George Eliot's analysis, "What makes life dreary is the lack of a motive, something to live for!" Religion prevents such a tragedy. It keeps one living abundantly to the end. "Poor old Queen Victoria had length of days, but Emily Brontë had life," said D. H. Lawrence. Religion determines such a difference in one's experiences.

(2) *Religion brings help in time of stress*. I remember the placard on the wall of my German pension when I was a student at Marburg University, "Noten bringet Beten" (need causes one to pray). It seems to be a law of life, that the deepest religious living is done in time of direst need, for in such a time man realizes he cannot face life (nor should he) alone. He reaches out for One who supplements human frailties.

(3) *Religion motivates human kindness*. It thus makes one think of others and their needs. Often we are lethargic to even our nearest surroundings. The poet expressed this casual indifference in these words,

I thought the house across the way
Was empty; but since yesterday
Crepe on the door makes me aware
That someone has been living there.

(4) *Religion stimulates a person to*

better things and furnishes him with a moral ideal. I like Immanuel Kant's expression that, "Two things fill me with a sense of awe, the starry heavens above and the moral law within." But I cherish even more the way Kant one day *lived* this "moral law within": Kant arose from his study chair one rainy morning, and going to his window saw his gardener Ludwig working in the rain. Kant went to the closet, took his coat out to old Ludwig, so that he might be harbored from the rain; and then he went back to his study, where he began his *Treatise on Ethics*. The moral law of the universe is most real when it goes into action through moral men and women.

(5) *Religion excites thoughtful people to believe in God and to worship Him*. Man cannot be satisfied to worship himself; he must worship something besides himself, else he cannot bear the burden of himself. Bernard Shaw, sometimes smarty and cynical, said in a great and serious moment, "I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence—or clearing the way for it." Religion's prime task is to "clear the way" for God to work in history through worshipful men and women.

NOWHERE among contemporary people have I seen in more virile or beautiful words what it means to be "religious" than in the words of America's "Queen of the Theatre," Ethel Barrymore: "You must learn day by day, year by year, to broaden your horizon. The more things you love, the more you are interested in, the more you enjoy, the more you are indignant about—the more you have left when anything happens. . . . You must learn above all not to waste your strength upon all the little things. . . . I suppose the greatest thing in the world is loving people and—wanting to destroy the sin but not the sinner. And not to forget that when life knocks you to your knees, which it always does and always will—well, that's the best position in which to pray, isn't it? On your knees. That's where I learned."

To have a religion which will bring to a person an adventurous *religious* adjustment to the totality of experience is surely the pearl of great price!

motive

Locomotives in Music

Warren Steinkraus

MOST of us give our imaginations full sway when we listen to music. We picture scenery, persons, incidents or mere abstractions without particular regard to the purpose of the composition. We seldom realize that there are two kinds of music, one which aims at giving us other than a pure musical impression and one which centers about the musical idea alone. The latter is called "pure music" and finds its expression in symphonies, quartets, and the like, while the former is known as "program music." We have dealt elsewhere with pure music and will here discuss some of the types of program music.

Some program music is aimed at representing an object or person as though it were extended in space. This is simply imitative. The obscure, sixteenth century composer Clement Janequin first sensed value in this type of composition and has given us fair reproductions of "The Lark," and "The Chatting of the Ladies." But it was not until Beethoven, usually a "purist," that the possibilities of instrumental color in descriptive compositions was brought to the fore. In his Pastoral Symphony, he simulates a trickling brook, a storm, and a shepherd's call.

Arthur Honegger of the modern French school probably carried to its extreme this imitative idea. In his "Pacific 231" he so well mirrors a locomotive that it ceases to sound like music. In fact, one critic remarked that he would prefer to visit a railroad yard than to listen to puffing, wheezing musical instruments. And Saint-Saëns comes close to this realism in his "Carnival of Animals." Zoological specimens from tortoises, hens and birds to kangaroos, donkeys and elephants are humorously and cleverly depicted.

Instead of imitating nature as these men did, Mendelssohn tone-painted his impressions of scenes. His ability is clearly shown in his "Midsummer Night's Dream" or "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." It is the more common way of presentation. We can see "Skyscrapers" as John Alden Carpenter paints them, or we can get glimpses of the "Pines of Rome" as Respighi sketches them. Nor do the precise attempts of Moussorgsky to shape musically the paintings of Victor Hartmann in his "Pictures at an Exhibition" escape us. With the composer we are led down the corridor of an art gallery and see "The Gnome," "The Old Castle," "The Ballet of the Unhatched Chicken" and the "Catacombs," ending

with the spectacular "Great Gate at Kiev."

As prevalent as tonal or imitative pictures are musical interpretations of narratives or phases of life. Here we have a connected group of musical incidents or scenes telling a story. Such a work is Paul Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" which has a definite plot, or such is Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" which portrays a wild graveyard scene with resurrected skeletons as dancers. Similar, too, is Liszt's "Les Preludes" which treats man's life as a series of preludes with an ending of militant triumph over life's struggles.

WORKS of strict narrative character achieve their connectedness and unity partly by assigning to each person in the story a distinct musical phrase and partly by employing leading melodies of special association. Berlioz, the nominal originator of these devices called them "idées fixes" and we notice them in his "Fantastic Symphony," the five movements of which are called, "Reveries," "A Ball," "In the Country," "March to the Scaffold," and "Witches' Sabbath."

Richard Wagner improved on these means and produced what are known as "leitmotifs" for use in his operatic compositions. One of his successors, Richard Strauss, developed this leitmotiv scheme to its greatest degree. Whenever we hear his "Till Eulenspiegel and his Merry Pranks," we can follow the rogue through his escapades by heeding the tricky French Horn theme which delineates him. Or when we listen to "Don Quixote,"

we are able to detect the knight-errant by the representative solo cello melody, while his squire, Sancho Panza, is regularly identified with the viola.

Strauss carried program music to its ultimate conclusion. In each of his nine major works, he essays to relate anecdotes verbatim and realistically, going to any extreme so to do. In one instance the score calls for a wind-machine. He is a skilled master at representing overturned flower carts, bleating sheep or the last gasps of a rogue as he goes to the gallows.

ANOTHER sort of program music is that which aims to create an impression in the listener. Ofttimes the impression is of a scene, picture or person, but because of the elusiveness of such music, no definite, universal impression is experienced by the listeners. How many varying reactions, for instance, would there be to Eric Satie's "Pieces in the Shape of a Pear" or "Airs to Make You Run"!

Debussy was the master of this form of musical expression. Employing rare tonal combinations, the whole tone scale and other contrivances, he strove for a total general effect rather than that of individual elements distinctly outlined. His three-part "Nocturnes" paints dimly representations of "Clouds," "Festivals," and "Sirens," while his "Engulfed Cathedral" summons all our imagination as we try to picture this vague phenomenon. "La Mer" (The Sea) is his most significant work. In it we first sense a calm sea gradually becoming more animated. The play of the waves begins, to

Dimitri Shostakovich, the young Russian composer, at his desk. His new Eighth Symphony was given its Western Hemisphere premiere by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Sunday afternoon, April 2, over CBS.



be followed, in closing, by the dialogue of the wind and the sea.

More pictorial than Debussy's works but nevertheless in the same vein are Frederick Delius's "Sea Drift," "Brigg Fair," and "North Country Sketches." And Charles Tomlinson Griffes, an American composer, captured the same mood and manner of expression in his exquisite "White Peacock."

Later composers have tried to create a mood around an incident or phase of life without representing specific persons or scenes in their work. Thus we have Arnold Schoenberg's "Transfigured Night" which reveals the feeling of two lovers concerning their illicit affairs. The music creates a succession of moods, expressing in turn, "the pain of guilt, the agony of confession . . . and the serene loveliness of understanding and forgiveness."

Because some of the greatest names in music, as Bach, Mozart and Brahms, are missing from this discussion we cannot conclude that their music lacks color and interest as well as a program. Not all music is linked up with some nonmusical entity. The degree of greatness in music lies in whether it can be appreciated for its own sake or not. Music which is so appreciated is of the highest type, but music which requires some descriptive material to make it clear is often the more entertaining.

NEW RECORDS

BACH	Prelude and Fugue in E flat Major (St. Anne)	F. Stock and Chicago Symph.	Victor Alb. DM959
BACH	Orchestral Transcriptions by Stokowski	L. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symph.	Victor Alb. M963
PALESTRINA	Adoramus Te		
BEETHOVEN	Quartet No. 15 in A Minor, Op. 132	Budapest String Quartet	Columbia Set M-545
BEETHOVEN	Symphony No. 9 in D Minor (choral)	Weingartner and Vienna Phil. Chorus and Orchestra	Columbia Set M-227
BRAHMS	Song of Destiny O Saviour, Throw the Heavens Wide	Bruno Walter and the N. Y. Phil. with Westminster Choir	Columbia Set MX-223
COATES	By the Sleepy Lagoon Last Love	Eric Coates and the London Phil.	Columbia 7408-M
DVORAK	Slavonic Dances Nos. 1 & 3	Golschmann and the St. Louis Symph.	Victor 11-8566
FOOTE	Suite for Strings in E	Koussevitzky and the Boston Symph.	Victor Alb. DM-962
STRAUSS	Four Favorite Waltzes	H. Barlow & Columbia Broadcasting Symp.	Columbia X-240
STRAVINSKY	Le Sacre Du Printemps	Stravinsky and the New York Phil.	Columbia Set M-417
TSCHIAKOWSKY	Solitude Op. 73, No. 6	Stokowski and the All-American Youth Orchestra	Columbia 11982-D
SCHUMANN	Traumerei Op. 15, No. 7		

movies

Exploitation of "The Robe"

Margaret Frakes

PROBABLY the hardest task the prospective movie-goer has to perform is to wade through the reams of "exploitation" that precedes any film's approach, separating the truth from the hooey and deciding whether that film is likely to prove worth seeing.

Take, for instance, RKO's present efforts on the Lloyd Douglas novel, *THE ROBE*. There is action and color enough in that story to promise a good movie, but if we were to base our estimate of its possibilities on some of the publicity that is flooding the land at present, I fear we would be sadly skeptical. To quote from one release:

Frank Ross, who will produce *The Robe*, will shortly begin one of the oddest talent searches ever instituted. He is looking for a weaver to duplicate Christ's robe. It isn't decoration or detail that makes this robe a difficult creative problem—it is, rather, its simplicity. The original robe was a matter of ingenious weaving. Only a few women who lived near Lake Genesaret in Galilee could do such weaving.

Ross must have an accurate duplicate of the robe. Reproduced in technicolor and magnified many times on the screen, "the robe" must be an extraordinary bit of craftsmanship. Its lines and its weaving will be seen and scrutinized by millions of hypercritical men and women. There isn't a weaver in Hollywood who can give Ross what he must have in "the robe."

Tradition has it that a "campaign" must precede the appearance of *any* film, of course, and that for an expensive one the campaign must bear all the earmarks of splendor and expansiveness associated with the subject. For *THE SONG OF BERNADETTE* (the simplicity of which story must have shamed the advertising plotters if only they had stopped to think), we read of the largest advertising budget its studio had allotted to any film in five years, with heavy expenditure on electric signs, billboards and other outdoor display, plus radio time and newspaper and magazine space. That the film was as fine and sincere as it turned out to be was due

- Evaluating the advance publicity on any movie is necessary but not easy.
- The publicity rarely gives a true impression of the picture.
- How relatively insignificant details are used for publicity "angles" is told in this story.

to its innate excellence, not to the huge expenditure for exploitation. And there is nothing to insure that similar huge expenditure might not be made for a film *not* fine and sincere.

Just now WOODROW WILSON, a forthcoming biographical film, is being given "the works." Here the emphasis is on the "political explosiveness" involved, and we are encouraged to think that a whole presidential election may hinge on the picture's time of release.

This is supposed to be a sure-fire emphasis; publicity for *NORTH STAR*, you may remember, hinted at dire possibilities

of riots against the friendship for Soviet Russia it was supposed to express, while the producers were lauded (in press-agent-written material) for *daring* to be so friendly. This at a time when the country was becoming all-out in sympathy and admiration for our Russian ally! But never mind, such admiration was dangerous not so long ago, and some folks might not remember—so why not use the “angle” for publicity? As it turned out, we would have had to search hard to find any sort of political “angle” at all in the cowboy-and-Indian-type melodrama the film proved to be.

It was so with *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS*; for at least a year we were kept in suspense; the film was too “hot” for the state department, we heard; Franco was sitting up nights worrying about its release; the truth about the brave loyalists was to be told at last; the Catholic Church was going to condemn the film, etc., etc. And what finally appeared was so watered down that no one could tell loyalists from fascists.

ON the other hand, the political furore that arose when *MISSION TO MOSCOW* was screened came about without benefit of advance hint and teasing. Perhaps we’ll have to decide that when we hear about political daring, we needn’t expect it; when we *don’t*, in a film where it might be expected, we may look for it. And what will then have been the use of the millions spent on telling us about the first case?

“Mileage covered” is another stand-by of those “advance stories.” If part of the film can be shot in Canada, or in Florida, or in the South Seas, or in Mexico, the stories write themselves, and tons of paper and miles of mimeographing carry them to the far corners of the land. WOODROW WILSON can take advantage of this factor, too; we read that because “Wilson traveled about so much” four units had to travel more than 26,000 miles to obtain background scenes—“not since Zanuck sent a company to Africa to film scenes for *STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE* has any company at Fox legged it about so much.”

FABULOUS cost of sets can always be counted on for rhapsodies by the publicity scribes. For the Wilson film, we read of the stupendous effort to reproduce White House rooms authentically—of picture frames duplicated, for instance, at \$1200 each. (Frequent references to WOODROW WILSON in these paragraphs is entirely coincidental. The movie is entirely likely to turn out to be first-class; but if it does, it will be due to its own excellencies, and in spite of the current fanfare about it.)

May, 1944

Here is a choice bit in another story, this time on *LADY IN THE DARK*:

Ginger Rogers danced a good fourteen miles during her rehearsals. . . . Her number was complicated by the fact that she performed in high heels and in a bouffant skirt comprising some three hundred yards of layer upon layer of tulle d’illusion. Also, covering the floor of the sound stage was a layer of carbon dioxide clouds produced to give the dream effect by immersing dry ice in hot water and blowing out the heavier-than-air vapor. The vapor, not poisonous in itself, can become almost asphyxiating when stirred up by the swirling skirts of a dancer, as Ginger on one occasion discovered when she had to be helped from the set, gasping.

And a fabulous column-long story, “Imitation Mud a Foundation for Fame,” tells how a professor slumbered in the depths of no-fame at Armour Institute and the University of Minnesota, only to win honor and recognition when he proved to be the only engineer capable of producing imitation mud more real than real mud, into which Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray could flounder during Paramount’s tale of the sandhog and the lady, called in true Hollywood lingo, *No Time for Love*.

All of which is an effort to point out that you might just as well ignore the “canned” advance stories scattered so profusely throughout the land and printed in many “fan” magazines, in local newspapers via the syndicated columns and as news items under Hollywood datelines on the pages set aside for motion picture material. The films they celebrate may be good, honest productions, or they may be terrible. We need to watch instead for the unbiased reviews which local motion picture critics write, or which appear in national magazines. It is possible to learn by observation and constant checking which critics are likely to point out the things we want to know about any film before we spend our time and money on it. Once discovered, they will provide a far better guide than the writers hired by the producers of every film to dream up fabulous stories about its genesis and development. But those “canned” stories are capable of providing some really amusing reading and some pertinent comments on the “movie” mind—particularly when they go on as does the rhapsody about Christ’s “robe” in the paragraph quoted above!

The government has notified the motion picture studios that “no holds are barred” from here on in so far as presentation of Japanese brutalities are concerned. So we may look for a surge of fiendishness on the screen as subjects dealing with Japan and the Japanese appear during the coming months.

The official policy had previously been

to urge restraint in presenting practices of the enemy, particularly in regard to prisoners, lest that enemy might decide that he had as well be as fiendish as he was pictured. While no report has come as to how they will handle this “atrocious” business, the following films treating of the Japanese enemy have been announced for the near future: *The Purple Heart* and *Horror Island* (Fox); *This Is My Brother* (RKO); *I Was a Prisoner of Japan* (Mono.); *The Death March* (Rep.—to be written by the company’s “horror specialist” responsible for the current *Lady and the Monster*); *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, *Cry Havoc* and *Dragon Seed* (MGM).

Among Current Films

The Cross of Lorraine (MGM) is an over-drawn account of the experiences of a group of French prisoners in a German camp after the armistice. More so than any film so far, it approaches the “Beast of Berlin” type of film of the last war, portraying Germans as sadistic brutes who shoot men for daring to conduct prayers, etc. There are revolting details of torture. (Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, Pierre Lorr.)

The Desert Song (War.) uses some of the delightful songs that made the original musical comedy memorable, but they are almost lost in a brought-up-to-date plot about Nazi agents fomenting a revolution in Morocco to get a railroad built for themselves. *Scattered*.

The Song of Bernadette (Fox) is a delicately-set-forth filming of the story of the French peasant girl whose stories of having seen a vision in a lonely grotto wrought havoc as city, church and finally national officials were drawn into the controversy as to whether she was a victim of hallucination or a saint. Except for an unnecessary and out-of-key reproduction of the vision itself, the film is dignified, sympathetic, avoiding the temptation to be spectacular. It succeeds in contrasting simple piety with self-interest and hypocrisy. Characterizations, even those of minor men and women in the story, are interesting. *Laudable*. (Chas. Bickford, William Eythe, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Ann Rvere.)

Up in Arms (RKO) depends wholly on the clowning, the “patter” songs of Danny Kaye for its effect, and the result is a lushly set, technicolored fantasy that provides good entertainment for most of its footage. The plot, such as there is of it, concerns the pre-induction woes of a hypochondriac, and his slapstick adventures aboard an out-of-this-world troop transport all done out in chromium fixtures and amply supplied with beautiful chorus girls disguised as army nurses! It’s all perfectly fantastic, featuring dream scenes which give opportunity for spectacular sets and brilliantly colored costumes—but it does make for considerable fun. (Dana Andrews, Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore.)

What a Woman! (Col.) is a beautiful illustration of what this page had to say last month about the movie-concept of “career women.” You really need to see it to supplement that discussion. (Brian Aherne, Willard Parker, Rosalind Russell.)

On Local Stations

MANY of the outstanding network radio programs to which this page has called attention during the year began life as experimental efforts on local stations. This was true for the University of Chicago Round Table, for "The Human Adventure," for "Of Men and Books," for the Quiz Kids and many others.

Since radio is a growing thing, it stands to reason that there may be heard on local stations today experimental ventures which will someday develop into network programs available to listeners throughout the country. We hope *motive* readers will be on the lookout for promising local features, and that when they discover them they will let other readers in the vicinity of the stations presenting those features in on their discoveries.

Did any of your local stations carry the programs celebrating the Methodist Week of Dedication? Scripts for these programs—one for adults, one for young people—consisted of effective dramatic sketches illustrating the meaning of the dedication. They were written by Jerry Walker, educational director of WLS in Chicago and a student at Garrett Biblical Institute. Copies were sent by Methodist Information service to local stations throughout the country, to be presented by dramatic units in those stations or by groups in local churches which were asked to sponsor the programs.

Jerry Walker has also prepared a 15-minute dramatic script which will be distributed to local stations by the International Council of Religious Education to be used in connection with National Family Week. He writes two regular educational shows for WLS, and has charge of their production. After his theological training, he hopes to devote full time to religious radio production.

This method of distributing scripts for local use which have been prepared by experts in radio production points the way to better use by churches of the free time available to them on local radio stations, time that too frequently is wasted or used by a hastily-prepared sermon or talk that gains little listener interest.

"Freedom of Opportunity," a program on the Mutual Network dramatizing stories of outstanding young Americans and suggesting that their success was due mainly to their living in a land where every boy is free to become president or

- "That Men May Live," a program on WBBM, Chicago, presents the activities of social agencies in dramatic form. WMCA does much the same thing for New York City.
- Distributing scripts written by experts for local use points the way to better religious programs.
- "Variety" casts suspicion on the "Freedom of Opportunity" program on Mutual.

make a million dollars if he "has the stuff," would seem to tie in beautifully with the million-dollar propaganda campaign of the National Industrial Information Committee, a subsidiary of the National Association of Manufacturers formed to popularize "free enterprise" in newspaper advertising, on billboards, through editorial suggestion, etc. In its first review of the program, *Variety* pointed out that the loose repetition of the "freedom of opportunity" angle made one wonder if there might not be another purpose of the broadcasts beyond that of honoring successful young men, particularly since the series was launched by an insurance company just at the time when big insurance companies were carrying on a campaign to forestall application of anti-trust legislation. A similar "free enterprise" emphasis, you may recall, held forth on the "Report to the Nation" series sponsored on CBS by a group of electric utility companies.

"That Men May Live" is a program on WBBM, Chicago, in which the varied activities of the different organizations making up the city's Council of Social Agencies are presented in dramatic form. Each week one agency is featured. Usually an incident illustrating some actual happening is dramatized, while such techniques as narration, choral accompaniment and news flashes are frequently employed. The agencies supply the factual material; the studio is responsible for actual production. Actors—frequently children are required—are recruited from the city's Junior League Radio Theater. The professional care given to production of the program insures that it is always interesting and "listenable"; the material is alive and timely, presenting to the audience an intelligent report on actual service rendered by agencies which the people through their contribution to the Community Fund help to support and in

which they naturally have a lively interest. (Saturdays, 2:15 CWT.)

WBBM sponsors each year, too, a program dramatizing the work of the Boys Clubs of the city. Various clubs enter scripts and actors in a contest conducted by Club headquarters, and the winning group presents the broadcast under supervision of studio experts.

When WMCA, New York City, was purchased from the Blue Network last fall, the new owner announced an expanded program of local service. It is his belief that how well the public service needs of the community are being met in a way not possible for the networks should be the test applied to any program on a local station. And that commercial considerations should not be permitted to interfere with this function. By the first of the year the station was presenting a program which serves New York City much as "That Men May Live" does Chicago, dramatizing cases of persons helped by the welfare agencies and hospitals affiliated with the Greater New York Fund. A series of programs on Harlem and Negro culture was prepared, and a model program for children developed by a noted child psychologist. A mobile recording unit was formed to pick up recordings of spot news of particular interest to New Yorkers, and on Christmas Day there was a five-hour broadcast of Christmas messages from men and women of the New York area in service overseas.

Station WFIL, Philadelphia, was recently presented the "citation of merit" of the American Economic Foundation in recognition of its extensive educational program carried out in cooperation with the city's board of education.

High school students throughout the country have a chance to take part in the "round table" which follows on local stations of the Columbia network immediately after "This Living World" (2:30 EWT) has finished on the network as Friday's program in the "School of the Air" series. Whatever topic has been considered on the network broadcast is continued locally by a panel of boys and girls from local high schools, who thus have an opportunity to express their own ideas on topics of vital everyday interest.

Three's a Crowd?

J. Olcott Sanders

THE case of the missing partner challenges social recreation planners for college, church, and community. Because of the vast shiftings of population as a result of the war, almost everybody complains now that there are too many or too few men or women—depending on one's personal relation to the specific situation. Without making this a testimonial, I want to assure you that I can share your feeling. For more than two years I have lived in an all-male society, usually with some recreation responsibility. And now I am working in a Latin American community, in which young people have not discovered the *Americano* co-recreation pattern.

Of course, other people have experienced this unbalance. The American frontier, any frontier, has had a predominance of males. Cowboys and lumberjacks threw stag parties with singing and storytelling and even dancing of the jig and clog type. Women began to drift westward, but for a long time at a square dance all the women could expect to dance without ceasing while four or five shifts of men took their successive turns on the floor. Sometimes to fill out an incomplete set a man would tie a white scarf on his arm; thus "heifer branded," he could dance "lady fashion."

And if it is folk dancing that you want to continue today even in the face of a shortage of men or women, this branding is one possible solution. Naturally, you will be careful to see that no one wears the brand all evening, but it is even enlightening to learn how the opposite sex gets treated; it may make for more considerate partners. Another partial solution to the folk dance problem is provided through those games and dances that call for groups of three—"Come, Let Us Be Joyful," "The Wheat," "Crested Hen," some versions of "Pop Goes the Weasel," and the like, which are especially good for one man and two women. Further, there are the Eastern European and Palestinian ones that do not require partners—"Hora," "Kola," and the like. (See the two volumes of *Dance and Be Merry* by Victor Beliajus, published by Clayton Summy, and *Palestine Dances!* by Chochem and Roth.) Even in the extreme situation of absolutely no members of the opposite sex there are folk dances traditionally done by men only (like the English morris and sword, Russian "Kamarinskaya," and Mexican and In-

dian ceremonial dances) and by women only (like the Mexican "Sandunga").

EXCEPT for couple dances and games, the field for play appears to be wide open, regardless of maldistributions. In choosing non-musical games, select team activities in which function groups large enough to include a fair number of both sexes—charades and other guessing games, relays, and games of skill. Many of the less strenuous sports and equipment games would be appropriate for a mixed group—volleyball, shuffleboard, and of course, badminton and table tennis. Hiking and cycling are still on the list, too.

The arts, formal and informal, remain available. For group singing you can try chanties and work songs and serenades if men predominate; women have their work songs also, and they can sing some of those hauntingly sad songs of the Manx women waiting on the shore for their men to return from fishing. Choral music for soprano, alto, and baritone fits your mainly female group. I have long urged more persons to try madrigals (a specialized type of part song which flourished in Elizabethan times); you can find them for almost any voice combination, and they are particularly good for fewer persons than make up the usual chorus. Obviously, drama and crafts (consider the wedding of two—puppets), poetry-reading and nature study can be tailored to fit a group of any composition.

If you really miss the presence of those with whom you formerly shared your fun, consider another approach to your problem. That is to discover new ways to share your pleasures. First, there are ways to share with erstwhile members of your group who have been drafted. You can have letter-writing sessions. A letter in which each person writes a paragraph is fun to write and fun to read. Photographers in your group can contribute pictures, for, in the words of the oft-quoted Chinese proverb, "A picture says more than a thousand words." Be sure that you share all the major events of your group with those who wish they had been there. With this writing you can combine letter-reading; so your sharing becomes a two-way experience. At special times of the year like birthdays you may want to remember your absent friends with a package of miscellaneous usables. In your craft shop even with the simplest tools you should be able to make pocket-size

- If you have too few men or women at your parties read this.
- "Come Let Us Be Joyful," "The Wheat," "Crested Hen" and some versions of "Pop Goes the Weasel" are especially good for one man and two women.
- Eastern European and Palestine dances do not require partners.

games like checkers and nine men's morris with pegs for men. One good design I saw has a string arranged so the board can be tied to a person's knee for play in crowded quarters.

You can share, too, with those who may be ignored in wartime. Children with fathers drafted and mothers working need wholesome companionship and supervision for play; playground directors and club sponsors and hobby teachers can find all the work they are willing to do. Old people who have had to retire from former activity are likely to be left alone much of the time; for them the smallest attention means a lot; besides entertainment you can take to them—game equipment and dramatic and musical performances—you should be able to encourage them to share old songs, tall tales, reminiscences of local history, and hobbies, with even the possibility of arranging a hobby show and old-timers' talent program further to overcome feeling of being helpless and insignificant. Under-staffed hospitals, crowded housing areas, towns near military centers, and nearby relocation centers and alien detention camps offer additional opportunities for sharing your pleasures; not to forget, "I was in prison and ye visited me." Even if you are separated from your "one and only," you should be able to find enough ways to share your fun with others to avoid losing weight through moping.

Ezzio Pinza, Metropolitan Opera basso, has turned over his two Dalmatians "Boris" and "Figaro" to "Dogs for Defense." Mr. Pinza gave the collector for "Dogs for Defense" an album of his operatic recordings. He said the dogs were used to hearing him sing around the house, so "if they get lonesome play one of these records for them."

Christian Action

TOWARD A NEW WORLD ORDER

Pending Congressional Action

Willis Weatherford, Jr.

SOVEREIGNTY in the United States theoretically is in the hands of the people. In our representative Democracy the only way to assure that practice coincides with theory is to take seriously the responsibility which rests upon every citizen to see to it that our representatives truly represent the people. We must let our Congressional representatives know how we would want them to vote on important issues before the Congress.

Peacetime Conscription

The Gurney-Wadsworth bill (S. 701, H.R. 1806) was discussed last month as an attempt to saddle peacetime conscription and a large standing army upon peace-loving Americans. Andrew J. May, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, has introduced a more stringent bill directed toward the same end (H.R. 3947). It would require every male resident of the United States, whether alien or citizen, to enter the armed service for one year at the age of seventeen or at the completion of high school, whichever first occurs. Each person would remain a reservist for eight years subject to refresher training. The act would go into effect immediately upon cessation of induction under the provisions of the present Selective Service Act. Hearings on this bill were to start in the Military Affairs Committee about the middle of April and are likely to run for some weeks.

The House has already passed H.R. 460 which provides for a committee on Postwar Military Policy. The ranking membership of this group insures the "big stick" policy. On the Committee are Woodrum of Virginia, May of Kentucky, Vinson of Georgia, Andrews and Woodsworth of New York, Mass of Minnesota.

Other members are Bland and Drewry of Virginia, Bulwinkel of North Carolina, Thomason of Texas, Snyder of Pennsylvania, Merritt and Cole of New York, Castello and Shephard of California, Mognusan of Washington, (L.B.) Johnson of Texas, Allen of Illinois, Powers of New Jersey, Mott of Oregon, Short of Missouri, Arends of Illinois, and Miller of Connecticut.

Write these Congressmen to oppose peacetime conscription, and national aggrandizement and to favor the reduction of military commitments.

Peacetime conscription is contrary to the traditions of Democratic America. Our Democracy requires citizens who think for themselves, take initiative, and consider their political responsibility a patriotic duty. The Army requires men to take orders based on the thinking of others, instills obedience rather than initiative, and discourages political discussion. If we insist upon training all our young men in the authoritarian military manner, and if we elevate docile unreasoning obedience as a desirable national trait rather than individual self-expression and initiative, then we have removed from our people the attitudes necessary for Democratic Government.

A large conscript peacetime army will announce to the world that we do not put much confidence in international cooperation. Other nations would realize that we intend to cooperate only so long as it is to our own advantage. We would thereby admit that we still place ultimate reliance in force rather than in conciliation; and would greatly cripple our own efforts toward peace since all would realize that our efforts were only half-hearted. Write to Chairman Andrew May of the House Military Affairs Committee and to your own representatives opposing these measures. The situation grows increasingly ominous; we must *act now* before it is too late.

Relief

Relief of physical suffering is one of the most direct and practical ways of creating attitudes of good will upon which the peace must rest. Certainly we must feed those who are in dire need, and help devastated countries to reestablish their own productive capacities.

The Gilette-Taft resolution (S. 100) asking the administration to feed the starving in occupied Europe unanimously passed the Senate. The House Foreign Affairs Committee has reported favorably on H.Res. 221 which is a similar request bill. As yet the Administration has not heeded the Senate; indications are that

the chief blocks to State Department action are political rather than military. Write the President, Secretary of State Hull, and Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, presenting the need for immediate action.

Authorization for \$1,350,000,000 (one per cent of our national income) for support of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration has passed both the House and Senate. The actual appropriation of funds must still be made to realize this project of United Nations Cooperation for the relief of needy peoples. Write your representatives urging their appropriation of the needed funds; mid-western Senators seem to have a particular antipathy against the spending of government funds for this purpose.

Race Relations

The Anti-Poll Tax bill (H.R. 7) is still ready for consideration by the Senate, having passed the House last year. We must take this step toward Democracy as pointed out in previous issues of this column. Write your Senators to vote for cloture to defeat the filibuster, and to vote for the bill.

Representative William L. Dawson has introduced H.Res. 427 calling for a special House committee to make full investigations of race relations in the United States, including discrimination in the armed forces and war industries, and the causes of race riots. Write to your Representative favoring such action.

International Economic Cooperation

Senators Elbert Thomas, Harley Kilgore, and Harry Truman have introduced S.J.Res. 120 which would request the President to call a United Nations Conference to plan ways of developing world resources and expanding foreign trade. The proposal calls for a foreign economic commission for the United States including members from the Senate, House, Administration, Labor, Capital, and consumers. This action is greatly needed since economic disputes have in the past been a major cause of wars, and since the mechanism for political cooperation seems to be progressing very slowly. Write to your Senator favoring such action.

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Shades of Socrates

Sirs:

For several years I have read *motive* with great interest. There is certainly a crying need in this country for such an intercollegiate journal of philosophy and opinion on the college undergraduate level. Of course, as in the case of the *Christian Century*, my entertainment now with *motive* consists partly in being amused and amazed at the ingenuity of Christian editors in meeting the nominal necessity of reconciling their religious creed of justice, trust and love with the impersonal national creed of selfishness and self-security.

Perhaps there is some connection with such an editorial policy in the tone of your "skeptics' corner." I do not know. But I do feel that your "corner" is pretty shakily founded.

The editor's note states: "Skeptic writes in opposites; that is, if you agree with Skeptic, then we don't believe you will get much out of *motive*." You add: "If the reader can't refute, or does not, then Skeptic rules proud and unchallenged."

My main criticism is that I do not believe you nearly adequately present the Skeptic's position. In fact what you are doing largely is playing at straw men. You are making fun for the sake of making fun. *The trouble with this kind of argumentation is that it does not establish your own position any more than it establishes Skeptic's.* Any person who believed merely the opposite of everything you propose as skepticism in your "corner" for November would be indeed confused.

There are Skeptics and Skeptics. Which kind are you lampooning? There are Skeptics (as you would call them) who have no faith in Biblical, ecclesiastical or traditional authority yet who have a confidence and certainty adequately founded upon empirical and pragmatic principles. Some of these would insist on testing orthodoxy tirelessly but at the same time they would show that it is only the traditional (in the good sense) that is worth testing along with the newer empirical discoveries. You try to paint the Skeptic as one with an absolutely unordered and whimsical mind. On the other hand it is not true that skepticism is as essential a philosophical tool as verification? Only by doubting it do we urge ourselves to dig up the evidence to establish a position.

Now as always there is a need for clear thinking. I would suggest that if you believe you have a tenable philosophical or convictional position you would like to communicate to others, you try to state

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that position sometime, clearly and firmly. Right now the reader doesn't know what you believe. After a while he won't care. This business of playing at straw barricades is certainly no deeply worthwhile activity for wondering minds. If you are so concerned with the Skeptic, if you want to convert him, you will find it worth your trouble to show just what you consider skepticism and the Skeptic to be. Show what you are trying to disprove (not merely discredit) and then disprove it. Better there should be more than straw between you and the Skeptic. Socrates, the grand old questioner, didn't progress by making fun but by clearly defining and trying to get others to clearly define exactly what they were after. Perhaps Socrates mightn't have made such a playful magazine writer, but he made a good philosopher; he really got at the roots of the problem you have not touched "Do Morals Have Authority?"

—Harold W. Hackett, Jr.

CPS No. 56
Waldport, Oregon

Mr. Hamill Replies

My dear Mr. Hackett:

Your letter is rare, and filled with good insight. I am truly glad to have it. You will be interested to know that I have had lengthy correspondence for recent weeks on this very problem with the editor of *motive*: I confessed to him what is so obvious to you, that I have not been able to define my position; so we are searching for a more clear-cut approach. Perhaps you can help us.

You mistake my intention though when you assume that I am out to disprove or convert the skeptic, or that I have a "convictional position you (I) would like to communicate to others." I do have scattered ideas which I believe, of course, but this new attack in the Corner is designed to make readers think. I am tired of feeding college students readymade, hand-me-down religion. It is high time they probed for themselves. Therefore I'm concerned to stir up their brains, not to give them answers.

How to do that is my problem. I see two possibilities. (1) To argue as I personally believe, using the skeptical questioning method, and using factual material when convenient (such as the three criteria for a just war in Christian tradition). (2) To poke fun, say things in reverse, as I did in the October copy mainly, and in the first section of the November. Do you see any other possible ways of attack? Which do you prefer of these two?

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I grant you that I need to state my position clearly and firmly, about what skepticism and a skeptic are. But I need to do this for myself, not for the public; this is my problem, and if I solve it, it would be reflected in material.

There are problems, however. You maintain that skepticism is a philosophical tool of verification; correct, but there is nothing unusual about that; every religious scholar, for instance, uses that tool more or less consistently, more or less thoroughly. Skepticism as a method of inquiry is nothing less than good science, or good liberalism. Skepticism becomes distinctive when it results in a disinclination to believe, a persistent doubting of what most people accept, an unwillingness to come to a positive belief, an unrelenting tentativeness in opinion. The college student who thinks he belongs to this category never thinks of himself as "skeptical" (in method) but rather as "a skeptic" in result. For him, and for the general public, skepticism is not method chiefly, but the result of persistent questioning, which means certain content or lack of content in belief.

My hunch is that you are subconsciously peeved because my skeptical method did not lead me to some positive belief in conscience as the infallible guide to moral authority. That, of course, is your own position, being a c.o., and it is largely my own thought too. But as I said above, I had other purposes in mind than to defend your position, or mine, or any position. You must take seriously the warning, "If the reader can't refute, or does not, then Skeptic rules" and the reader loses the benefit of reading. Your real task is to prove to me, the skeptic, that your reliance upon conscience for authority in morals is a solid footing for behavior, contrary to all my written argument.

To the side, let me reply to your first remarks. You accuse *motive* of compromising its Christian convictions to play along with the national wartime creed. I just don't see where you have any evidence for that, unless you happen to be one of those pacifists who thinks that the conscientious soldier is a hypocrite. Neither the editor of *motive* nor I think so; we believe that there may be more than one Christian position on the war, while at the same time we might agree with you more than you imagine in our personal judgments on the matter. If you will reread the editor's stuff through the history of the magazine, I challenge you to find another journal in America, excepting only *Fellowship* and others committed to pacifism as such, more forthright and

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consistent than *motive* in opposition to the evil of world affairs and insistent that evil can be overcome only with good. Where else do you find a better Christian interpretation? And where do you find a single statement that would even imply that the magazine is fighting the war? The editor and I do not think that we alone are all wise on this problem.

And finally, to return to the skeptic, I am sorry that I am not of Socrates' caliber. That is part of my original sin.

—Robert H. Hamill

Clinton, Iowa

Obnoxious Note

Sirs:

As a reader, as a thinker, as a free agent, as an individual interested in a workable religious outlook for the present day, I protest against the "Editor's note" which appears in italics at the beginning of the "skeptics' corner" in *motive*. It gives the whole article, not to say the whole magazine, an authoritarian flavor by vigorously setting forth angles *not* to believe in and live by thereby implying that the opposite beliefs and behaviors are infallibly correct.

In another light it is hardly fair to include the whole magazine in my statement, for how the brilliant modern view in the article by H. Richard Niebuhr on "The Nature and Existence of God" and the backhanded view of skeptic's corner both appeared in the December issue is beyond me.

Taken straight without the editor's note the "corner" is brilliant in showing up the weak and also the strong spots in our Christian religion and our ways of worship.

I believe the writer believes what he says in that article, but the editorial note implies that he does not. This is insincere. I believe that all sincere, straight thinking Christian scholars would agree with me in this.

Is the note a bluff or shall we go back to the dogmatic beliefs of Augustine, Calvin and the rest?

If necessary, I will remain

Yours, a second Skeptic

—Arrell M. Mace

Simpson College
Indianola, Iowa

P. S. Just who is this Robert Hamill anyhow?

(Rev. Robert Hamill is a graduate of Yale Divinity School and has been minister to students at the Wesley Foundation at the University of Iowa. He is now pastor of the Lyons Methodist Church in Clinton, Iowa.—Editor)

Letters

Since When?

Dear Miss Orr:

I think you're somewhat off the beam in your article about women in the March issue of *motive*. I admire your spirit, but not your pen.

What do you mean when you said, "But many of us will fight for equal rights as well?" Since when didn't the fair sex enjoy equal rights? And since when did the weaker half of humanity ever take a back seat in business and the social world? Come, Miss Orr, I believe you have been reading the wrong books again.

So you're staying in college so that you will be better fitted for the jobs we males left behind. Say, Coed, you don't sound very optimistic. How long do you think the war will last? Gosh, I hope this war will be over before all you women go through college. Disgusting prattle like that is very hard on our morale.

Don't worry about you women in the postwar world—you'll have your pretty little noses in on everything. And, may I add, this war would be over lots sooner if you gals would stop trying to tell us how to run this war. Thanks.

Cpl. Gilbert Morgan

Ft. Benning, Ga.

(This letter was written in response to Mary Ellen Orr's article, "What About Women?" in the March symposium written by the women of our student editorial board.—Editor)

Omission—YCAW

Sirs:

I should like to call attention to the omission in your article, "The American Youth Movement" (February, 1944), of the Youth Committee Against War. This was a secular youth organization of greater size and influence than some of those you include. Moreover, it held a point of view distinct from the others, a fact which made it all the more important to include it in any objective study.

The Youth Committee maintained national offices in New York City and established district offices in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Los Angeles. It received national publicity in newspapers and magazines over a period of four years. In congressional hearings on national measures important to youth, it never failed to have representatives appear. Its leaders spoke over national networks and on many local programs. Field organizers visited colleges from coast to coast. Mass meetings were held under its auspices in major cities and on campuses. The last publication of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, before it became a

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war casualty, presented a careful report on the Youth Committee Against War.

I would refer your readers to it.

George Snyder

Chilao CPS Camp
La Canada, Calif.

Who?

Dear Sir:

We have received the March issue of *motive* magazine. We were interested especially in the group of pictures on page 9. Pray tell, who is the young girl whose picture graces the center of the page? Can you give us some information about her? She has been voted pin-up girl by the "divines" of the University of Chicago and the Federated Theological Schools.

Send reply post haste. We are eager and waiting.

Yours 'til Arminius rejoins John Calvin.

Richard Atherton
Phil Briggs
Henry Baumann
George Q. Davidson

Committee on Social Thought
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

(Barbara Britton, of Paramount Pictures, Inc., is also *motive's* pin-up girl. For more information about this movie starlet see page 12 in the October, 1942 issue.—Editor)

FROM THE LABOR PRESS

Some labor papers have recently been featuring news about the consumers co-operative movement. The *United Automobile Worker* published pictures of R. J. Thomas pushing a "baskart" in the co-op grocery to which he belongs, and of the director of Region 4 of the UAW buying gasoline at his co-op station. Several locals are reported to be organizing consumer co-ops. . . .

Labor union membership is reported to be growing in Algiers. Is it the influence of American troops or of the headquarters of the French Confederation Generale du Travail now established there? . . .

Consumer groups and liberal opinion have concluded that, the newspaper storm to the contrary notwithstanding, Senator Barclay did not have all the counters on his side in his recent little game with the president of the United States. From an economic point of view, the President was right. Now that the dust of battle is out of our eyes, it is interesting to note that Philip Murray was one of those who urged the President to veto the tax bill, declaring it to be "a betrayal of every principle of sound wartime taxation."

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After Ten Years

Sirs:

We write as one who has been out of theological seminary for ten years. From this vantage point one can get a panoramic view of college and seminary that never was possible during those school years. While attending school we probably did our fair share of crabbing about the length of time necessary to get an education. We were eager to get on with the business of living. We had a home to establish and a place to make in the great big world. Why did not the educators arrange a combined high school and college course which would give a person a degree and send him forth quickly with the ability to make plenty of what it takes? Of course, like all college bred men we despised those mortals who went to business college. Maybe we did not know why we despised them and maybe we secretly envied them for getting out into the world so soon, but nevertheless we despised them. They were a low caste of human who were secretly to be pitied!

In those days we did not have the insight to appreciate the values of college and seminary experience. Not that we failed to make the best of our opportunities. But underneath there was a feeling that much of college was a shallow folderol which had no value and yet had to be gone through with. Frankly, we would have cut out much of the curricular and extra-curricular and consequently shortened the course.

Now we see it all differently. Maybe no generation of college students can see themselves with any perspective comparable to that which they will have in ten years. Perhaps that is expecting too much. Doubtless part of our conflict was due to a false premise. In those days we conceived ourselves as getting ready for life. School was all a prep school for life. In this we were wrong. That was life. Today life is different from school life but that was life in as real a sense as today is life. We were living then when we thought we were getting ready to live. If every college student in 1944 could sense this idea he would be vastly helped as he goes forward in living. Life does not begin at graduation. Life begins at birth. Even the greenest freshman is living. Maybe he frequently gives evidence of being dead on his feet and above his ears but nevertheless he is actually living now.

We believe that every person who can spend four full years in college (and perhaps go on to graduate school) ought to do just that thing. We are "agin" the short courses. Those four years of living

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are needed for what the psychologists call "maturation." There is a certain mellowing, maturing process which goes on. In those four years one will have many opportunities to grow in judgment, self-mastery, and experience.

One learns to live by living. It is just like learning to swim. The greatest study of man is man. What we humans need is actual life experience and college gives just that. In college one has experiences of a quality and kind that do not come later on in a factory, office, store, or on a farm. If college did not increase the financial wealth of a person one dollar it would increase his wealth of experience, appreciation, culture and knowledge. As a result of four years of college living he would be a broader, deeper, and more experienced person. Those four years do something to a person that no other four years can do. Take it from one who knows. And take all four years if you can get them.

—Edmund H. Babbitt

Grand Rapids, Michigan

"Here's Your Answer, Bill"

Sirs:

Although there is no West Dakota College yet, I would like to tell Bill Wiley (See "Letters," April, 1944) that we do have a Pendle Hill—a genuine anticipation of Stephen F. Corey's dream, if not its realization, in the area of religious and social thought. Readers of *motive* will recall an article in the April, 1943, issue "An Educational Community" written by the Director of Pendle Hill, Howard H. Brinton. No degrees, no grades, no "exams" at this school in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, simply education—for life.

In answer to Wiley's question about what we can do to hasten the coming of this "student utopia," I should like to point out another sign of hope, namely the widespread unrest with our present educational stagnation among both students and professors. A prophetic statement indeed is the devastating article, "Wanted—A Christian College" by G. Herschel Coffin, in October, 1943, *Fellowship*. Coffin is Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at Whittier College, California.

The need of the hour is for Corey, Coffin, and other persons vitally interested to get together quietly and unofficially to sift the truth and forge the deed!

—Ernest Lefever

*Yale Divinity School
New Haven, Conn.*

From Sweden to India They Give

STUDENTS of other countries often make American students feel pretty small. Their giving to world student relief is a case in point. Last year students from every British university contributed to the I. S. S. appeal which corresponds to the WSSF in this country. They also made magnificent contributions of books which now, sadly, must cease because of the book famine in Great Britain. Students in other parts of the British Commonwealth, especially Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, give amounts which may not seem to us large but which actually represent a higher per capita than what comes from American students.

One of the most exciting contributions comes from Sweden, where for years the students have been helping refugee students from the other Scandinavian countries, especially Finland and Norway, and now Denmark. In addition they give funds to the world-wide cause, and they give something else that is priceless—the notebooks and paper that is altogether unobtainable in Germany. Without this help, which we here in America could not provide if we wanted to, all intellectual activity in the prison camps of Europe would come to a standstill.

Students in Portugal have been greatly moved by the plight of the starving students in Greece. With great imagination, they went to work to purchase or get contributions of foodstuffs to ship to them. A cable received by the European office of World Student Relief in April brought this message: "Portuguese universities of Coimbra, Lisbon, Porto responding to the appeal of the Rector of Athens University supported by you have shipped following supplies: 6 tons coffee, 10 tons powdered milk, 10 tons sugar, 30 tons beans, 120 tins canned fish. Portugal could provide further supply foodstuffs if funds available for purchasing them."

The students of India, never with a high standard of living themselves, are now making great sacrifices to take care of hundreds of refugees in their midst—students who have fled from Burma and Malaya. Funds from I.S.S. in Great Britain and the World Student Service Fund have helped in this work. More is needed.

Is your college playing its part in the great task of world student relief? If not, write to the World Student Service Fund, 8 West 40th Street, New York City for suggestions as to what you can do.

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Contributors

We got home after a long trek in what we thought was April, only to find on our index that it was June! The reason is not difficult to find. Most church publications have long dead lines, and the typesetter at the Parthenon Press had been working on June periodicals. At least for us it was June in April—and so we apologize to **Mr. Sanders**, the guest editor, and to our readers. . . . We are indebted to Richard Hudson of Syracuse for recommending **Frank Watanabe** to us. We feel personally that it is something to have a roommate recommend a roommate. Nevertheless, Frank, who has done this cover, hails from Seattle, Washington, where he would have been a senior at the University of Washington had he been allowed to stay there. He came East and is now finishing his academic work at Syracuse University. He is a crack tennis player, is interested in advertising and hopes to continue his art work. His roommate tells us that he is an all-round good guy. . . . Our leading article is by **Herbert Agar** who is editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He is an excellent example of a liberal southern journalist who is now in London working for the OWI. This article was written in England. . . . We print two poems of **William Stafford**. Bill lived in the desert bowl in Kansas, was graduated from the University at Lawrence and was drafted from graduate school. He has been fire fighting and road building in CPS in Arkansas and in California. He is now at Los Pretos Camp near Santa Barbara. . . . **Marv McClelland** has been *Lago* about two months. We first met her at the Silver Bay Missionary Conference when she was with the Missionary Education Movement. A graduate of Bucknell in 1940, she has been with *The Missionary Herald* recently. We are indebted to Mrs. Lago and to **Samuel J. Mills** for the material and the pictures which we publish. . . . **Dorothy Schlick** is a Simpson College senior, editor of *The Simpsonian*, an Iowan by birth but not farmbred. Her work camp experience with the American Friends Service Committee was in the village of Miacathan in the south central part of Mexico. . . . **Jack Brembeck** has been active in student work on the west coast. One-time student at UCLA, he has been co-president of the Southern California Student Movement this year. Jack's abilities are many and varied but the one we like best he demonstrates in acting in the plays he writes. . . . **Robert Hodgell** will be an Ensign, assignment unknown, before this magazine reaches you. He graduated from the Midshipman's School at Columbia in April. During his time there he participated in high jumping, just to keep up his record (he was Big Ten Champion). Our best wishes go with Bob in his new role. We wish we had had his officers' picture in time for this number. It is something! . . . **Philip F. Mayer** has revised "Andrew's Story" several times. We think that it is a very happy choice for the last in the series of contemporary portraits of Jesus which we have published this year. Phil has left his work with the Doukhobors in British Columbia and is now back in the States. Much more important is the news that he is now a married man! . . . **Christopher Isherwood** is one of the number of distinguished younger writers in America who came originally from England. He collaborated with W. H. Auden in many books and plays. He is at present managing editor of *Vedanta and the West*, published in Los Angeles. . . . **Creighton Lacy**, author of the book, *Is China a Democracy?*, graduates from Yale Divinity School this June. He was the chief scribe for the Wooster Conference and is the author of *Christian Community* which is the book of the Conference. It is an excellent publication and should be used by student groups throughout the country. . . . Our picture of a soldier looking at the map of China is posed by **Ben White** who was at the Air Classification Center in Nashville for a year. A Swarthmore graduate, he has been in the Russian School at the University of Pittsburgh this past school year. . . . **Rabbi Weinstein** is one of Chicago's well known Jewish leaders. . . . We hesitate to apologize to **Dr. Corey** of Chicago University. But the truth is that we gave him an "F" for a middle initial when he insists that he should have an "M." So we publish his last contribution on West Dakota College with the satisfaction that we have restored his "M." . . . **Dean Kelley** is a freshman at the University of Denver. He was appointed to West Point but failed the eye examination. A native of Cheyenne, Wyoming, he tells us that he has parents that are cosmopolitans and liberal—an asset, we feel, of no little consequence. He has been active in the student movement and is particularly interested in creative writing, religion and life in general. He will be drafted in June. . . . **Harvey F. Baty** has been instructor in the School of Religion of Montana State University at Missoula, Montana. . . . Each year we like to publish two or three longer articles that treat subjects more fully. Such an article was **Professor Niebuhr's** discussion of God. We are happy to present **Mr. Coomaraswamy's** very searching discussion of the subject of comparative religion. It has real bearing on the whole missionary approach of the church. . . . Some of our regular departments are missing this month. "Quad Angles" was to have had an article by **Dr. Halford Luccock** of Yale. The death of Mrs. Robert Luccock was so much a shock to us (you will remember that Bob started with *motive* as editor of the music department) that we did not have the heart to probe further in our request for the material. In a way this loss is a loss in our family, for Bob had kept very closely in touch with all we had been doing. . . . **Skeptic** is missing only because **Robert Hamill** has been too popular in student conferences and in his own church in Clinton, Iowa, to get the column done for this month. We suggest you read the interesting letters about the column in our letters department, and particularly the letter written by Mr. Hamill which will explain his purpose in the "Corner." He has succeeded in making us think, and for that we are deeply grateful. . . . We are signing off now until late summer. We cannot close without a note of gratitude to our assistant, **Henry Koestline**. We are also constantly aware of the place **Miss Eddie Lee McCall** occupies in the destiny of *motive*. She has been secretary, circulation manager (and we are now at 10,000) and general manager of the publication office. Without her *motive* would be poor indeed. . . . Last but not least we want to thank **Dr. McPherson**, Executive Secretary of the Division of Educational Institutions of the Board of Education, and the Editorial Council. We have come to know how much their concern and interest means to us, and how very much their advice and counsel has meant during this year.

The Shape of Things to Come for 1944-1945

October—Reconstruction and the Individual
November—Reconstruction and the Home
December—Reconstruction and Vocation
January—Reconstruction and Education
February—Reconstruction and Community
March—Reconstruction and the Church
April—Reconstruction and Democracy
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In this last issue for the present year we want to pay tribute to certain people who make *motive* possible by their concern and interest and their continuous effort. First we must list **Anna Brochhausen**, then **Marion Wefer**, **George New**, and the admirable group of department editors. It would be almost impossible for us to state the contribution of **Margaret Frakes**, **Warren Steinkraus**, **Jimmy Wilder** and the group at Yale including the Librarian of the Yale Divinity School, **Raymond Morris**, **Olcutt Sanders**, **Harvey Seifert**, **Willis Weatherford, Jr.**, **Robert Hamill** and **Thomas Kepler**. These are the people who have enriched the pages of *motive* month after month and whose only credit has been the interesting way in which our readers have responded to much they have written.

As we close this fourth volume we wish we could say more than "thanks." The letters of appreciation that have come into the office have been so many that we could not possibly print even representative ones, but we do want our readers to know that the editor is grateful for these expressions and for the admirable support of the leadership of the Methodist Student Movement. Without it we could not continue.

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